YANK

THE ARMY

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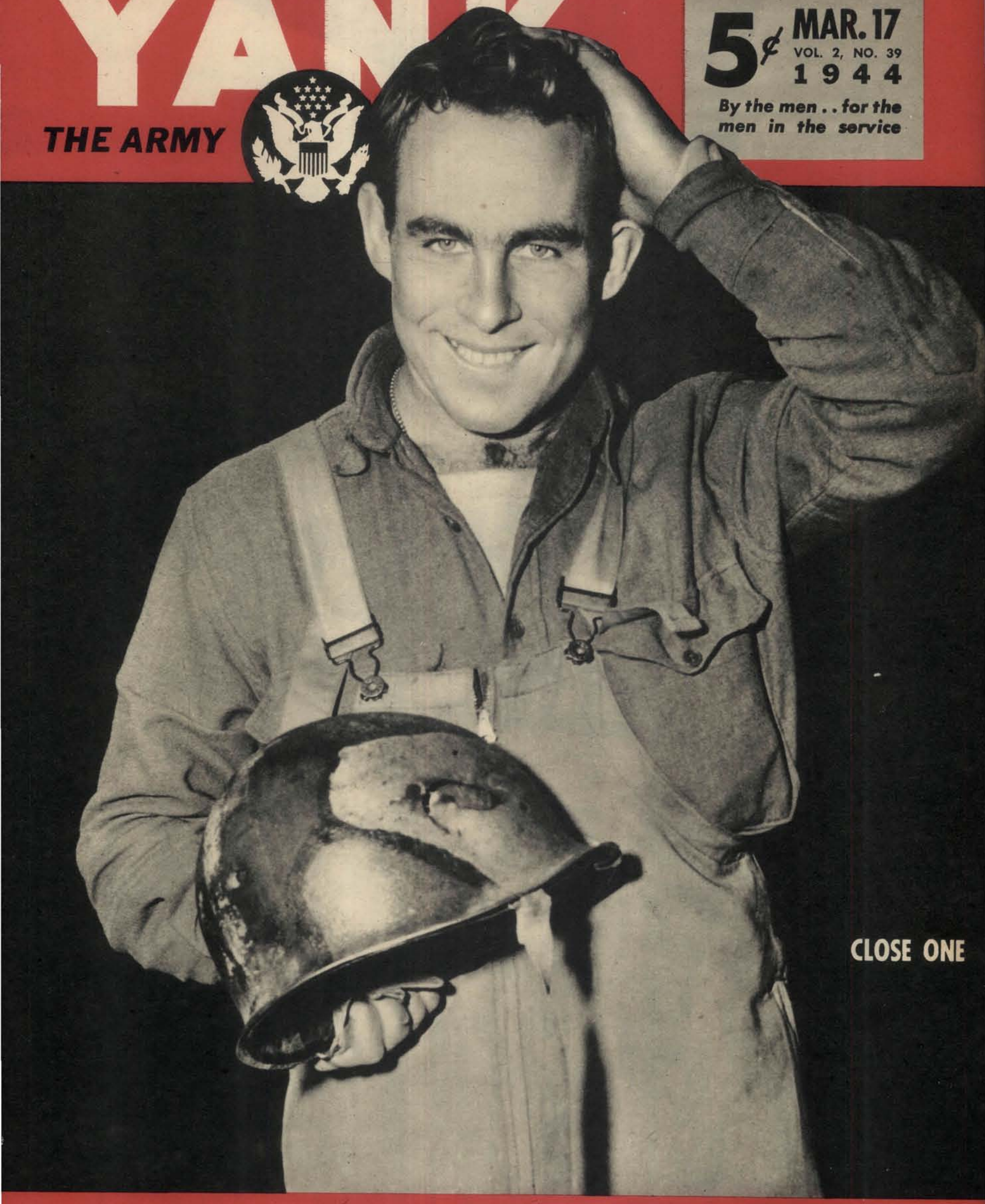
By the men . . for the men in the service



CLOSE ONE

What's the Deal on Pensions for Ex-Servicemen?

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FIGHTER PILOTS WALK TOWARD THEIR PLANES BEFORE TAKING OFF FROM THEIR CARRIER TO BOMB THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.

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Carrier in the Pacific

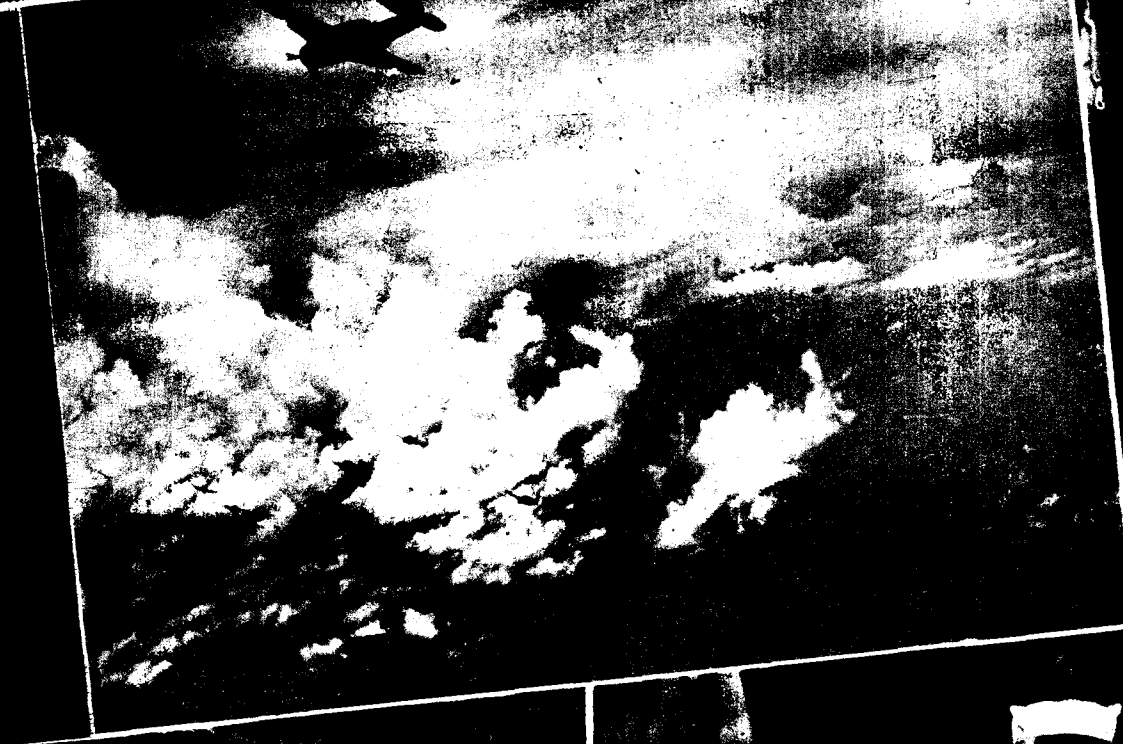
THE increasing tempo of the war in the Pacific —our invasion of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands and our astonishing blows against the great Jap naval bases of Truk in the Carolines and Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas—has been possible only because of the remarkable job of aircraft carrier production by U. S. shipyards.

In the first 12 months of fighting in the Pacific, four of our pre-war force of seven carriers were sunk by the enemy. A fifth flat-top was badly damaged. A sixth could not be spared from duty in the Atlantic. This lack of carrier-based air cover, so necessary in great forward advances against enemy islands in the Pacific, forced us to slow down our war on the Japs.

But last fall new flat-tops began to carry the American flag out of Pearl Harbor in raids against Wake and the Marcus Islands. With so many recently built carriers in the fleet, the Army and Navy were able to plan attacks on important enemy bases much sooner than the Japs, or even the American public, had expected.

These torpedo-plane gunners take it easy and swap some fighting stories after first strike at Kwajalein.

back with their bomber's tail ripped by ack-ack.



It is estimated that there are now 19 first-line U.S. aircraft carriers in commission, including a number of cruisers which have been converted to flat-tops. We also have from 30 to 50 escort carriers, or "baby flat-tops." The Japs are believed to have seven or eight carriers and not more than 15 escort carriers.

The pictures on these pages by Sgt. Dillon Ferris, YANK staff photographer, were taken on one of the new American carriers during the recent invasion of the Marshalls, where its flyers helped pave the way for the successful Army and Marine landings. A few days later, when another carrier task force smashed the surprise punch at Truk, enemy losses were so heavy that Tojo immediately removed Field Marshal Gen Sugiyana and Admiral of the Fleet Osami Nagano, the Imperial Army and Navy chiefs of staff.

There are usually four squadrons on a large carrier: one of fighters, one of torpedo planes and two of dive bombers (a scouting squadron and a bombing squadron, used interchangeably).

F4Fs (Wildcats) have been largely succeeded by F6Fs (Hellcats) and F4Us (Corsairs) as the fighter types. The mission of the fighter is to defend the carrier against enemy bomber and torpedo-plane attack, and to accompany U. S. dive bombers and torpedo planes on the offensive.

The bombers are the "eyes of the ship," ranging out great distances on scouting missions. On the offensive they carry 500- or 1,000-pound bombs. The SBD (Dauntless) and the newer SB2C (Helldiver) are the principal types.

The torpedo planes, whose projectiles are guided toward their target by gyros after being dropped into the water, are now TBFs (Avengers). This type replaces the TBD (Devastator).

Because a flight deck is small compared with a landing field, operations must be perfectly timed. Crews of men, their shirts and skullcaps colored to indicate their jobs, handle the planes on take-off and landing, while pilots get their signals by flag from officers on the bridge and on deck.

This picture was taken from a torpedo plane by Sgt. Dillon Ferris of YANK as it returned to the deck.

A pilot and his gunner (foreground) talk it over with squadron commander after a forced landing at sea

Arthur L. Seesholts S1c makes up a special edition for circulation among the Japs in the Marshalls.

Roland (Dugan) Ransom ARM2c, rear gunner on a dive bomber, comes back satisfied after the raid.

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FIRST YANKS ON JAP SOIL

These reconnaissance cavalrymen of the 7th Division will go down in the history books as the soldiers who planted the first American flag on Nipponese territory in this war. Here's how it happened in four days of furious fighting in the Marshalls.

Capt. Paul B. Gritta and 84 of his men were first U. S. troops to land on Jap soil.

Pvt. Claude R. Fair with two Yanks from his platoon killed 19 Japs in 10 minutes.

Pfc. Simon Herrera crawled close to a pillbox and threw in two grenades.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE RECON CAVALRY TROOPS IN THE MARSHALLS—At 0430 on D Day of the attack on Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshalls, Capt. Paul B. (Red) Gritta of Galveston, Tex., and 84 of his men eased their rubber boats up to the low, dark shadow that was the beach of Gehk Island. They were the first American troops to set foot on Japanese soil in this war.

They landed on Gehk by mistake; they had been scheduled to hit Ninni Island, another pinpoint three-quarters of a mile across a coral reef to the south. But in the darkness most of the islets of this atoll were mistaken for black-capped waves, and Capt. Gritta decided that, as long as they were on Gehk, they might as well clean out any stray Japs before moving on.

In four days of fighting, the Recon Troop—a unit of the 7th Division numbering 149 men and six officers, including Capt. Gritta's party—took Gehk not once, but twice, and wiped up the three other islands of Gea, Ninni and Bigej.

When they returned to the converted destroyer that served as their troop carrier at the end of the Kwajalein operation, they had killed 106 Japs, not counting probables, and taken three prisoners. Only two of their men were killed and 22 were wounded, none of them seriously.

The first part of the operation was easy. Their landing on the south beach of Gehk was unopposed, and they lay in the sand without even digging foxholes, just talking in whispers and waiting. As the sky grew light, just before sunrise, they started up the island, spread out like a fan, each man three feet from the next GI.

They had advanced 600 yards, halfway up the island, before Jap rifle fire started to sing out over their heads from a clump of thick undergrowth about 10 yards ahead. They threw themselves on the ground and opened up.

T-5 Daniel Rygwalski of Minneapolis, Minn., who had been moving a little ahead of the others, got the first Jap with his M1, and T-4 Charles Sader of Sumner, Wash., carrying a 30-pound radio on his back, plugged a second Jap with his carbine. T-4 Arnold Allen of Portland, Oreg., and T-4 Floyd Anderson of Detroit Lakes, Minn., one of five Andersons in the outfit, fired almost simultaneously and got one each.

After that the clump of bushes was silent, but the entire American line paused for at least five minutes to throw in a few hand grenades and a bazooka blast or two, and to pepper the area with rifle fire. When they moved into the bushes, they found the four dead Japs and two others still alive, lying a few feet away. "We were in a capturing mood," said 1st Sgt. James Martin of Reading, Pa. The two Japs were evacuated.

By 1000 the job on Gehk was finished, and Capt. Gritta's men trekked back cautiously to their landing beach, certain that there were no live Japs left on the island. In the lagoon they saw a large Jap tug, silent and apparently deserted, and next to it a small barge. Then Capt. Gritta thought he saw a man move on the deck of the tug, but he couldn't be sure and it did not seem worth while finding out; he and his men had been ordered to proceed to Ninni.

But there was still time for one small formality. Capt. Gritta, who had served nine years as an enlisted machine-gunner in the cavalry, and Sgt. Martin stopped the men on the beach and raised the Stars and Stripes on a pole the Japs had thoughtfully rigged up on top of a ragged coconut palm. It was the first American flag to be flown in the Marshalls.

Then they climbed back into their rubber boats, paddled across the reef and made their second beachhead of the morning at Ninni. There were no Japs on this island at all, but the men discovered a freshly chopped pile of wood on the beach, a few boxes of small crisp Jap crackers and a confusion of fresh footprints on the faint, irregular path leading to a deserted lighthouse.

By 1600 a flag was flying on Ninni, and there was nothing more to do that night except bivouac on the beach. The next morning Capt. Gritta and his men returned to their destroyer, where they had a hot meal, a bath and a shave, and cleaned their weapons. "It was a gentlemanly way to fight a war," said Sgt. Chester Chagnon of Burlington, Vt., a squad leader.

CHAGNON didn't know what was happening on Gea Island, where 56 men of the Recon under 1st Lt. Emmett L. Tiner of Breckenridge, Tex., executive officer and former school teacher, had landed at 0530 on D Day.

Tiner's men made their beachhead just south of the pass leading into the lagoon. A few yards to the north, the lieutenant saw four Jap buildings—small frame structures with thatched roofs. At dawn a search of the buildings disclosed they were deserted and had been used for storage.

Then the men started up the island, two platoons abreast. The first platoon, under 2d Lt. Claude Hornbacher of Sebewaing, Mich., advanced up the seaward side, along the edge of the thick coconut grove that ran through the 400-yard square islet. The second platoon, under

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Pfc. Lloyd Anderson shot down Jap flag from pole with a rifle grenade

Lt. James Mahony, Pvt. Rufus Donahue and Lt. Glenn Carr with trophy

Pvt. Charles Fintor and Pfc. John Rysavy found Jap machine gun

Lt. Emmett Tiner cleaned out pill-box by pushing grenades inside

T-4 Charles Sader got himself a Jap with a shot from his carbine.

Pvt. William Toomey, with Jap machine gun, saw his first action.

2d Lt. James S. Mahony of Newton, Mass., pushed through the grove on a thin center trail. As expected, they encountered no signs of Japs for about 20 minutes.

Suddenly Pfc. Simon (Rugged) Herrara of Las Vegas, N. Mex., a scout, saw two close-set eyes staring at him through the underbrush. He fired his M1 twice, and a wounded pig ran squealing down the beach.

Not more than two minutes later Tiner, a few yards in advance, heard someone shout his name. It was Pvt. William Toomey of Boston, Mass., a 19-year-old with only eight months in the Army who was seeing his first action. Toomey leaped ahead toward the door of a one-story house. Just inside the door he could see a Jap marine lying on a straw mat, asleep or dead. Toomey fired twice and the marine was unquestionably dead.

Lt. Tiner and a rifle squad searched the house, finding no other Japs but discovering the remnants of stale food in the kitchen.

When they had scoured the seaward side and the center of Gea, the two platoons circled back on the lagoon beach. Cpl. Philip Riccio of Hartford, Conn., a squad leader about 10 yards in front of his men, searched the thick tangles of undergrowth. Suddenly he shouted: "There they are, men—look out!" and threw two grenades. Both missed their mark, but his warning had saved the lives of the two scouts directly behind him—Pvt. Frank Holguin of Pasadena, Calif., and Pvt. Virden Johnson of Jackson, Miss.

Johnson threw himself on the ground and plugged one of the Japs in the underbrush. Then Sgt. Leonard Brink of Ft. Bragg, Calif., a section leader, rushed ahead with his tommy gun and motioned to Pvt. C. W. Anderson of North Dakota and Pvt. Claude Fair of Reading, Pa., to follow him with their two heavy machine guns.

Fair and Anderson placed their guns in the fork of a tree and commenced firing. Brink "spotted" the Japs for them, and then, as they fired each burst, Brink would jump under the machine guns, fire his tommy and throw grenades. Once, just as he was about to hurl a grenade, he looked up at the foliage of a palm not five feet away. There in the shadow was a Jap drawing a bead on him with his .25-caliber. Brink let him have an entire 30-round clip.

The whole battle in the underbrush had lasted no more than 10 minutes, but when it was ended, 19 Japs were dead. After that there was no more resistance on Gea. It was only 1000.

Just following afternoon chow, soon after Tiner and his men returned to the ship, there was a report from the defense troops on Gehk that enemy small-arms fire had been observed as they moved through on their way to Ninni. Two of their men had been killed.

So at 1700 1st Lt. Glenn P. Carr of Reeder, N. Dak., and his second platoon made the Recon's second landing on Gehk, after a destroyer had peppered the beach area. They dug in for the night and heard only occasional distant rifle fire.

In the morning the Japs kept quiet as the troops started up the island, about half of them making their second push up this same strip. As in the first landing, there was no enemy fire, and none came until they had gone almost 800 yards.

Then Lt. Carr, 1st Sgt. Martin, Sgt. Johnnie Bonavia of Sonora, Calif., a section chief, and T-5 John Yirgoyen of Modesto, Calif., Carr's messenger, heard an indescribably eerie yell.

Almost at once the Japs, hidden in small freshly dug holes covered with undergrowth, let loose with everything they had. That was plenty: at least one Lewis gun, 60-mm mortar shells thrown as grenades, regular hand grenades and rifle fire.

One Jap grenade caught Bonavia in the right knee. Another wounded a GI named Kovalcik in the hand. Capt. Gritta was hit in the shoulder with a rifle slug. Martin crawled to him and dressed the wound, and the captain kept going.

Cpl. Eugene Krueger of Grand Rapids, Mich., fired three bazooka shots into the position. Meanwhile machine guns had moved up on every side and were firing at point-blank range. Lt. Carr and Pvt. Jefferson Larkin of Alameda, Calif., a scout, crawled under the fire to hurl grenades. Carr threw five and Larkin three.

In 45 minutes, the hottest of the entire operation, the opposition had been wiped out. Sixty-five Jap sailors and marines were dead.

Before leaving the island, Capt. Gritta and the first platoon boarded the Jap tug still in the lagoon, now flying a large ensign from its mast. There were 12 Jap dead below decks, all of them killed by the destroyer fire that had preceded the landing of Carr's platoon.

Pvt. Rufus Donahue of Spencer, W. Va., climbed up the mast for the flag and later presented it to the commander of the destroyer, whose guns had been responsible for taking the tug. The barge alongside was deserted.

Meanwhile on the beach Pfc. Lloyd Anderson of Colon, Nebr., used a rifle grenade to shoot down a small Jap signal flag, already peppered with destroyer fire, that had been rigged up on a palm about 100 feet from the one where Capt. Gritta erected the American flag during the first occupation of the island. And now for the second time the Recon was ready for a bath, a shave and a rest.

The outfit took its final island, Bigej, across the lagoon from the others, on D-plus-four. Bigej was a Jap supply and storage depot, and little opposition was expected. As soon as the troops had shoved their rubber boats out to sea again, they moved into the edges of the bushes and waited for daybreak before starting forward.

Sgt. John Graham of San Francisco, Calif., a section leader; 1st Sgt. Martin and Toomey made up the advance party. It was Toomey who saw the pillbox first—a good-sized one, deep, with concrete reinforcements backing up the concrete logs. "It looked like a potato cellar with a ventilator," Toomey said. "Rugged" Herrara threw two grenades, crawling up to the entrance.

As the other men drew nearer, a Jap officer charged out of the door, waving his saber in the air. That was as far as he got; when his body was examined it was found to contain 52 slugs.

Tiner and Sgt. Robert Rafford of Brooklyn, N.Y., tried dropping grenades down the ventilator, but the grenades were too large. Then Tiner tied three concussion grenades to a stick, pulled the pin and pushed them down with the stick. But they wouldn't go either, and Tiner ran like hell—not enough to avoid a slight side wound.

The lieutenant and Rafford could hear shooting inside; they thought the Japs might be committing suicide, but they couldn't be sure. So they started a fire in the entrance. It burned slowly at first but soon caught on. No one knows how many Japs died inside.

Up ahead, Graham, Toomey and Martin spotted a single line of Japs at the opposite side of a small clearing in the palm grove. Martin counted 15; the closest was hardly 10 yards away and walking toward him. T-5 Curtis Pettey of Hazen, Ark., and Pfc. Edward Flaa of Sioux City, Iowa, moved up with their machine gun and opened fire.

Under cover of the fire, Graham and Toomey edged forward. Not four feet in front of him Toomey saw a Jap light machine gun. He could see that the Jap who had been manning it was dead now, with a bullet hole in his head. He crawled up and grabbed the gun. It was jammed.

Toomey cleared the jam, fiddled with the gun a minute or two to see how it worked and then ran off a sharp burst. In all he fired 25 rounds with the Jap gun, killing four Japs.

By that time medium tanks were on their way in, and Infantry troops were moving up. For the first time in the Kwajalein operation, the Recon was brought to the rear. Its job was done.

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WIRECATCHER. Almost every jeep on the south-of-Rome beachhead is equipped with a wirecatcher, developed since Sicily where cruising jeep patrols got tangled up in neck-high Jerry piano wire. The wirecatcher is a strip of angle iron bolted upright to the front bumper and extending above the heads of the jeep's riders, with a notch a few inches from the top to hang and cut any wire strung across the road. T-5 Jeff Sanders of Hennessey, Okla., drives this jeep equipped not only with a wirecatcher but also side wings (made from metal rods and painted shelter halves), windshield wipers, bulb horn, ax, blackout light.

REUNION. Just before the Anzio-Nettuno show began, four sergeants held a little private party in Foggia. They were all named Payne, and they all came from Kingfisher, Okla.; in fact, they're brothers. Three of them (l. to r., above), S/Sgt. Jack Payne, T-4 Harold Payne and S/Sgt. Jim Payne, belong to an artillery outfit now defending the beachhead. The fourth was T/Sgt. William Payne, engineer in a bomber squadron. Their get-together was marred only by the absence of a fifth brother, S/Sgt. Francis Payne, who had been wounded earlier and sent back to the States for a chance to rest and recuperate.

SHORT SHORTS FROM ITALY

CURB SERVICE. Wandering Italian barber trims hair of a front-line GI before an interested audience.

By Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The artillery forward observer, high on the enemy side of a front-line peak, was tussling with a tough problem: how could he get one of his own shells, coming over the peak from the valley behind him, to do an about-face and land on a Jerry force digging in almost directly beneath him at the base of the slope.

The Jerries, nearly 30 of them, were confidently digging into their nearly impregnable natural cleft within sight of the observer. Watching them, he noticed suddenly that a perpendicular limestone cliff, rising at the base of the peak on which he sat, ended in a thin rock ledge hanging over the German position.

The observer picked up the phone, called off a certain position to his battery and asked for a single smoke shell. A minute or so later he saw the burst land exactly where he wanted it—on the tip of the ledge. He picked up the phone again, and this time asked for a whole battery of high explosive on the same location.

Soon four shells whined over and burst on the ledge of rock. The shells clipped the ledge off at its base and tons of limestone piled on top of the Jerry position.

BEING a trained front-line fighter, Pvt. James Vandergaag of Paterson, N. J., found it hard to sit around in a Casablanca replacement center. He stood it as long as he could and then skipped out and headed for the front line with three of his buddies, all intent on seeing some action.

The foursome hitched a plane ride to Naples, beat their way up to the front and got connected with a fighting outfit. The colonel of the unit told Jim that "I've never had a case like this, but we need men and we'll take you."

Jim dumbfounded his brother, Pfc. Christopher Vandergaag, by walking into the area where Chris' artillery unit was located. Later Chris got in on the south-of-Rome landing, and now he's itching to meet up with Jim again. He has it on good authority that Jim's outfit is in the line up here, too.

PVT. Harry Rosinski of Detroit, Mich., was occupying a hole on the extreme right flank of his platoon's position, and when the boys withdrew after dark in the face of a heavy German counterattack, he was left alone in the shallow basin they had occupied.

At daybreak Rosinski peeped over the edge for some sight of his buddies but saw nothing except the bursts of American and German shells landing in the basin. Each side thought the other was occupying the position. He lay low all during the day while the shells peppered around him, and that night it began to rain.

Dawn of the second day came and Rosinski heard the scuff of spades digging in all around him, but the men wielding them spoke German, so he lay low another day. That night it rained again.

Dawn of the third day came and Rosinski shivered in his muddy hole, figuring that capture now was inevitable. That day a German sentry walked within a few yards of his hole and looked right at Rosinski but moved on without seeing him. The GI lay low all that day.

On the night of the third day he made his break and crawled a mile along a river bed before he dared to get up and walk. After a few more miles he rejoined his outfit.

This Week's Cover

THE grin on the face of this infantryman and the sorry condition of his helmet bear testimony to a close call on the Italian front. A shell fragment pierced his helmet and liner but obviously left his head in good condition. The lucky soldier is Pfc. Andrew Warner and he comes from Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 2 & 3—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 4 & 5—Sgt. John Bushemi. 6—Sgt. George Aarons. 7—Sgt. Georg Meyers. 8, 9 & 10—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 14—Movie Life. 18—Upper left, Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Station; upper center, Sgt. Schnall; upper right, Cpl. A. H. Blocher Jr., Midland (Tex.) AAF; lower left, USMC; lower center & right, Sgt. Schnall. 19—Upper right, Sgt. Schnall; lower left, Bergstrom (Tex.) AAF; lower right, Irving Kauffman. 20—MGM. 21—Walt Disney.

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THE MOUNTIES GET UNHORSED

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA — If you're in the market for a saddle, maybe you can do business with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They don't need their saddles any more. At least, not many. When a Mountie strikes out to get his man today, he checks his gas and oil first. The horse, like the glamorous scarlet tunic, is now apparently reserved for movie adventures, formal reviews and occasionally for breaking up a riot.

But horse or no horse, GIs of the U. S. 254th Military Police are getting a terrific boot and some worth-while experience out of helping the Mounties keep several thousand construction workers and dogfaces from turning Whitehorse into the same kind of hell-roaring hamlet it was in the days of '98.

The Mounties began to meet the rising tide during the first year the Alaska Highway was a-building by multiplying their local staff by five. Later they gratefully accepted the cooperation of Uncle Sam's MPs, and since mid-1943 law and order have been almost back at their peacetime levels.

Even so, during the last six months of 1943 the MPs and RCMPs together nabbed 230 American offenders for misdemeanors, traffic violations and graver crimes. Only 86 of them were soldiers. All, including the civilians, who are in Canada's Yukon Territory under American military authorization, were turned over to the U. S. Army.

Yank MPs have observed that the Mounties, although technically semimilitary, are pretty long on discipline. The Mountie salutes his officers with a [illegible] sounds like a couple of [illegible] brush. He stands general [illegible] ct a call from the Old [illegible] he f[illegible] e's an [illegible] his s[illegible] ll it a [illegible] stays o[illegible]

[illegible] is not exactly like [illegible] 21 years old and a [illegible] eligible to try to "en-[illegible] ve years. [illegible] You [illegible] at least 5 feet 8 in [illegible] and [illegible] a chest measurement of 35 [illegible] or more. If you weigh more than 185 pounds, [illegible] out your shirt on and go home. Otherwise, [illegible] any organic deformities or disorders, they'll ship you off to the training depot at Regina or Rockcliffe, near Ottawa, where you'll learn scientific investigation methods in the lab and study the art of "rolling the golden balls" in the stables. After six months you'll venture out into the field for three months of practical experience. If your superiors like your looks, you return to the training depot for another six months. This means you are practically a cinch to start life as a constable.

Like a private in the Army, the constable wears nothing on his sleeve. The Mountie looks upon promotion the same way he does sleeping sickness. You hear of people catching it, but you never expect to have it yourself. As a constable, you draw a base pay of about $2.50 per day. If you're promoted to corporal, you wear two gold chevrons with the points downward above the elbow. (Mounties sport chevrons on the right arm only.) With his stripes, a corporal adds four bits a day in pay. A sergeant gains one more "banana" with a crown above it and pockets 25 cents more per day. A staff sergeant wears four stripes below the elbow, this time with the points upward, American-style, and no crown. The highest ranking noncom, a sergeant major, also shows four chevrons below the elbow, but now the stripes are pointing down again and the crown is back.

Only single men are accepted by the Mounties, and you can't think about marriage until you've been in the service seven years and have the permission of the commissioner of the RCMP in Ottawa. The commissioner must be convinced, according to regulation, that the woman you have chosen is of good character and "a proper person to occupy government quarters." The present RCMP commissioner is Stewart Taylor Wood, a relative of Zachary Taylor, 12th U. S. President.

In command of the Whitehorse subdivision is Inspector H. H. Cronkhite of Lethbridge, Alberta. On his staff, the men who work closest with the American MPs are Sgt. Bery Allan of Whitehorse and D/Cpl. (Detective-Corporal) Michael V. Nolan of Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan. Sgt. Allan, in charge of the Whitehorse Detachment, has 12 years in the RCMP. He is married and has one child. Cpl. Nolan, 13 years a Mountie, is still a bachelor. This point is important because, on corporal's pay, Nolan will shell out $700 in income tax this year while Sgt. Allan, as a husband and father, will get off with $400. (Canada's wartime individual taxes are among the world's biggest.)

WHEN there's a job of joint investigation on tap, Capt. George H. Coupe, the American provost marshal, usually sends around Charles F. Patterson, an acting sergeant with a corporal's rating who spent 29 years with the New York City police. Together, Sgt. Patterson and Cpl. Nolan have sewn up some interesting cases.

Once when a construction worker's pay check was stolen, his name forged and the check cashed in a Canadian bank under the endorsement of "Raymond Howard Johnson," the MPs and the Mounties scoured the Army and civilian camps for anyone by that name. Finally suspicion fell on the man who drove a mail truck between Whitehorse and Kluane. When Patterson and Nolan pinned the driver down, they discovered he had been opening mail and snaffling checks right along, always endorsing them with the fictitious name of "Raymond Howard Johnson." He had even altered his draft card to that name to use as identification in cashing the checks after forging the signature. The Mounties turned "Johnson" over to an American court martial and he is now opening only his own mail in Ohio State prison.

Another time the Mounties got wind of a rumor that some civilian workers were selling U. S. Government lumber to Canadians. Nolan and Patterson and Detective-Constable Glenn Cunnings of Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, prowled around and learned that approximately 30,000 board feet had changed hands on the sly. A couple of salvage-dump employees were arrested. The investigation disclosed that numerous other materials, electric drills, hand tools, truck tires and even one light delivery truck had been bartered for money, liquor and love. The two Americans were fined $500 each and jugged for a spell. Ten Canadians who were on the purchasing end coughed up $3,100 in penalties.

Americans have no corner on lawlessness, however. Sgt. Patterson latched onto a Canadian who was hawking liquor by the bottle to soldiers and civilians on the street at $30 a pint. In the gent's hotel room, Cpl. Nolan uncovered 10 bottles of British Columbia whisky smuggled into the Yukon. This venture cost the peddler $400.

Beside these occasional instances of criminal investigation, the Yank MPs spend most of their time assisting the Mounties in controlling the heaviest traffic that the Yukon Territory has ever had. After midnight, the curfew hour for GIs, one MP and one Mountie patrol the streets together. On banking days at the big construction camps, Mounties and MPs ride together as an armed guard for a jeep transporting $50,000 or more.

On duty, the Mountie wears a muskrat cap and a field service jacket a shade darker than the GI blouse and of almost the same cut. His breeches are blue, with a broad yellow stripe running into the tops of his field boots. He packs as side arms a .455 Colt revolver. Though there may not be a horse within 1,000 miles, he still straps on his short, blunt spurs.

"Only time you don't wear your spurs," says Constable Thomas J. Peck of Sydney, Nova Scotia, "is when you're called onto the carpet in the orderly room."

But that flaming red tunic that makes the Mounties the delight of Technicolor cameramen spends most of the time in mothballs. It comes up for air on holidays and official wingdings only.

"That's a suicide garment," the Mounties have told the MPs. "Makes the best target in the world. That's something we learned back in 1775—from you Yanks."

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WHAT'S THE DEAL ON PENSIONS FOR EX-SERVICEMEN?

The Veterans Administration was badly snafued last fall when it didn't have enough personnel or priorities to handle the pensions and job problems of the first batch of discharged GIs. But here's how it works now under a new and more efficient organization set-up.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

ONE day last fall, shortly after the landing at Salerno, a big rawboned staff sergeant from upstate New York started out on a souvenir-hunting expedition. Ambling along a bomb-pitted street not far from company headquarters, he came upon an old abandoned warehouse. On the ground below the partly boarded-up entrance was a little wooden box. It was a perfect stoop, so the soldier decided to climb into the building and have a look around. He stepped on the box. There was a sharp, shattering explosion. Several minutes later, when the security detail got to him, the sergeant was squirming helplessly under a twisted wreckage of splinters and broken plaster. The booby trap had ripped his right leg off just below the knee.

A couple of weeks ago, the wounded sergeant, limping only slightly on his new artificial leg, walked into a consultation room at the Army's Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. Seated before him at a long conference table were three middle-aged civilians. One of them, an affable, energetic Irishman named Timothy Sheehan, explained their presence at the hospital.

"We represent," he said, "the Veterans Administration, an independent agency of the Government, set up by Federal law to see that discharged soldiers and sailors, especially disabled ones, get all the benefits that Congress has provided for them."

Sheehan pointed to his two colleagues. "The three of us here form what is called a Test Rating Board. The man at my right is a doctor. His job is to look over your Army medical records and determine the degree of your service-connected disabilities so that we can find out how much Government pension you are entitled to."

The sergeant nodded. He was a blond, earnest-looking kid, and the subject of pensions was one that interested him a lot at that moment.

"The man on my left," Sheehan continued, "is an occupational specialist. He will help you choose the kind of job you want and are best adapted for, and, if the job you choose involves specialized training, he will show you how you can get that training at Government expense. Finally, my job, as chairman of this board, is to help you file your pension claim, advise you what to do about your Government life insurance, explain our free medical and hospital service, and in general do everything I can to help you take full advantage of the benefits given by the Veterans Administration."

Sheehan offered the sergeant a cigarette, incidentally calling him *mister* instead of *sergeant*, a circumstance that startled the kid somewhat until he remembered that an Army sawbones had handed him a CDD that morning.

"Now," Sheehan said, "let's get down to cases and see what the Veterans Administration can do for you."

According to the ex-soldier, they did plenty. The interview lasted less than an hour, but during that time the VA Rating Board had **1)** awarded the former GI a pension of 95 bucks a month; **2)** showed him how to make application for the waiver of premiums on his GI life insurance; **3)** given him assistance in picking out the kind of job he wanted (the ex-sergeant said he'd like to be an aeronautical draftsman) and **4)** arranged for his enrollment in a qualified vocational school, where he will learn the skills of his new trade, with the Government footing the bill for his tuition, textbooks and materials.

Describing the interview afterward to a bunch of CDDs in the convalescent ward, the young veteran said: "Why, hell, those guys helped me map out practically my whole future. I was a little worried at first because like a lot of GIs I thought the Veterans Administration was some sort of old soldiers' home. But everything turned out all right. The picture looks okay now."

What happened at that interview is fairly typical of what happens every day at six other major U. S. discharge points, where new Test Rating Boards similar to the one at Walter Reed are wearing themselves to a frazzle trying to keep up with the rapidly mounting number of men who are returning to civilian life as CDDs.

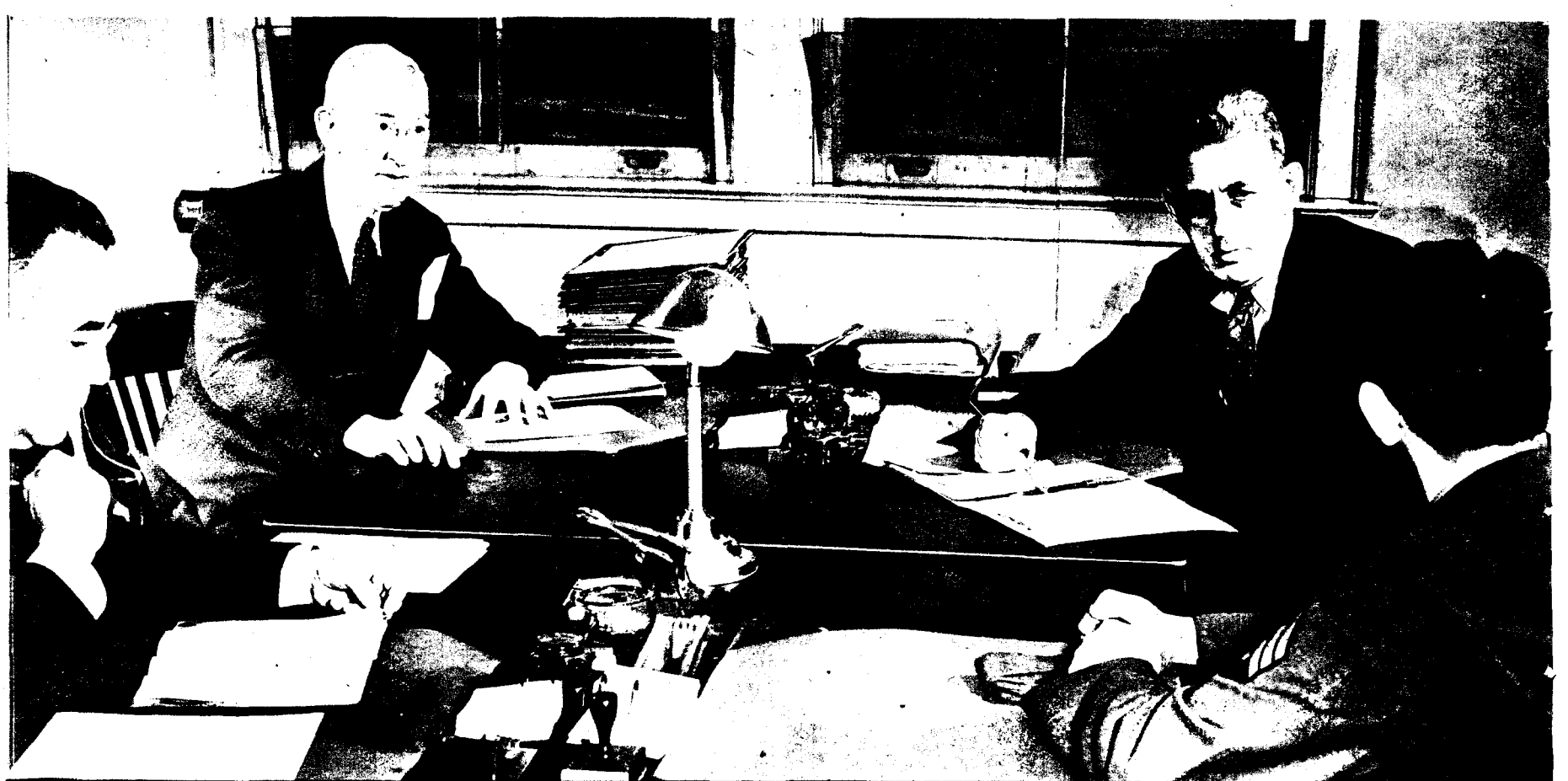
In addition to these seven Test Rating Boards, more than 100 regular rating boards—they're attached to VA field offices located in strategic spots in the various states—are breaking their necks trying to interview the thousands of ex-GIs who have already returned home.

ESTABLISHED by an Act of Congress in July 1930, when the old Bureau of Pensions, the U. S. Veterans' Bureau and other separate veterans' organizations were consolidated in one over-all agency, the Veterans Administration today is the busiest set-up of its kind in the world.

To get an idea of the load it's carrying, take a cool gander at the record. Between November 1940 and February 1944 more than 1,000,000 veterans of the second World War were discharged from the armed forces. Currently, Army and Navy discharges are averaging 100,000 men a month. Virtually every one of these dischargees has some business or other—a pension claim, an insurance problem, a request for vocational training—that falls right in the lap of the VA.

Take the matter of GI insurance alone, which is just one of VA's headaches. By the middle of January 1944, the VA Insurance Section had received 13,754,000 applications for National Service Life Insurance, representing more than 150 billion dollars worth of insurance. At that time, the number of death claims received from beneficiaries totaled 50,661, of which 41,859 had been allowed. When you remember that every one of those policies and claims entails its own correspondence and detailed office work, you will get some idea of what harried clerks in the VA are up against.

Handling the cases from this war is only a part of VA's job; it must also keep up with the



A VA RATING BOARD LISTENS AS GI ASKS HOW HE CAN RESUME HIS STUDIES AFTER DISCHARGE. CLOCKWISE: ANTHONY LA MANNA, DR. E. T. O'CONNOR, B. G. WOODS.

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mountainous records of veterans and their dependents of all other U. S. wars. Moreover, besides adjudicating thousands of pension and insurance claims, the VA must see that its many hospitals are adequately equipped and staffed, and must expand its facilities to meet the demands of the returning wounded and disabled who require further hospitalization after discharge.

In October of last year, as dischargees of the second World War swelled to proportions far beyond what anyone could have foreseen, things in the VA inevitably started getting snafued.

YANK began to get boiling letters from honorably discharged veterans who said they were getting the run-around whenever they applied to VA offices for help. Pension claims were not being acted on, and letters to the VA regarding GI insurance were left unanswered for as long as six months. Things were really bogged down.

It didn't take long for the odor of this mess to reach the nostrils of Congress. An investigation was immediately put under way. As a result, several flagrant shortcomings, none the fault of the Veterans Administration itself, were promptly uncovered. For one thing, it was discovered that the Veterans Administration, despite its vital importance to every GI and his family, had no priority on manpower. The fact is, 26 percent of its own male personnel had been called into service by Nov. 31, 1943. For another thing, the Veterans Administration had no priority on materials and hence could not undertake to expand its facilities in order to prepare for the swelling influx of the wounded and disabled.

The War Department, Congress and top officials of the Veterans Administration got busy. Within two months the whole picture had changed. Today the VA has a new azimuth on the toughest of its problems, manpower and materials. Here's VA's status as of now:

1) Has priority on manpower; important VA jobs are classified as essential, and persons holding them will henceforward be subject to deferment.

2) Has improved priority on materials and critical medical equipment right after the Army and Navy needs have been filled.

3) Has already begun a giant expansion program; is hiring doctors, lawyers and job raters for the 225 new rating boards that have been authorized for second World War cases exclusively; has prepared plans for new hospitals and expansion of existing hospitals.

4) Has concluded arrangements with the War Department whereby certain Army camps, vacated by the recent War Department order requiring more and more shipments of troops overseas, are to be turned over to VA for hospital facilities and rest quarters.

5) Has adopted a new procedure to speed and simplify the clearance of pension claims by requiring that all military hospitals begin the collection of necessary records immediately after the soldier enters the hospital instead of waiting, as in the past, until after he gets his CDD.

With the kinks in its priority problems being ironed out, the VA is beginning to make some headway against the enormous backlog of claims and correspondence that has accumulated in its files since Pearl Harbor. Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veteran Affairs, told YANK recently: "I can now assure every disabled soldier and sailor that his pension claim will be adjudicated promptly and fairly by a competent rating board. I can also assure every honorably discharged veteran who requires hospitalization that a bed and good care will be available to him."

Pensions For GIs

ANY dogface in this man's Army, whether he stops a piece of flak over Germany, gets bomb happy in the Marshalls, picks up a couple of ulcers from bad chow in Kiska or acquires a psychoneurosis at a desk detail in the Pentagon Building, stands a chance of qualifying for a U.S. Government pension. What's the straight dope on these pensions? How much dough can a guy get if, like the staff sergeant from upstate New York, he loses a leg? An arm? An eye? What if he just gets sick and is CDDed—is he entitled to anything? What about death pensions for our dependents?

YANK took these and other questions to the chiefs of the Veterans Administration. Here are the official answers:

"Generally stated," says the VA, "a World War II pension is payable to any honorably discharged veteran who has a disability of 10 percent or more if his disability resulted from disease or injury incurred in (or aggravated by) active military or naval service on or after Dec. 7, 1941, and during the present war."

The amount of pension ordinarily payable ranges from $10 to $100 monthly, depending on the degree of disability; i.e., 10 percent, $10 a month; 20 percent, $20, and so on up to 100 percent ($100). If a veteran is 100 percent disabled and also needs regular aid and attendance, he is entitled to $150. However, in extraordinary cases where the disability amounts to complete helplessness, as in the loss of both arms and legs, the pension can run as high as $250 a month.

Certain specific injuries draw so-called statutory pensions, which are paid in addition to the amount paid for the percentage or degree of disability. For instance, the statutory rate for blindness in one eye is only $35 a month, but as that particular disability is rated at 30 percent ($30), a veteran blind in one eye draws a total pension of $65 a month.

Pensions for other disabilities are given below. With the exception of the two cases noted, each amount is the total monthly allowance (statutory pension plus percentage-of-disability rate):

Blind, both eyes	$175
Loss of one leg plus percentage rating of from 40 to 90 percent.*	35
Loss of two legs	150
Loss of one arm plus percentage rating of from 40 to 90 percent.*	35
Loss of two arms	150
Loss of one arm and one leg	150
Loss of two legs and one arm	175
Loss of two legs and two arms	250
Loss of any two extremities plus one or both eyes	250

* Percentage of disability, ranging from 40 to 90, is determined by point at which arm or leg is lost. For example, at the knee joint or elbow: 60 percent ($60).

Certain diseases—tuberculosis, ulcers, nervous disorders, etc.—also rate pensions, provided they aren't acquired through the soldier's misconduct. These may draw anything from 10 percent ($10, the minimum for any pension) to 100 percent ($100). Unlike the pensions that are awarded for anatomical losses, which are permanent, the pensions for diseases are temporary—that is, if you were given at the time of your discharge a 10-percent rating as a psychoneurotic case, you would be required to undergo an examination a year or more later, and if at that time your condition had improved considerably, you might lose the pension.

In certain instances, scars or other disfigurements rate payments. For example, an Indiana private, a former cosmetics salesman, was recently CDDed, and "psychoneurosis" was written on his certificate as the cause for discharge. In the Tunisian campaign, he had been thrown from a jeep, and the wound left an ugly scar across his cheek. Meanwhile he had developed a chronic nervous disorder. Brought back to the States, he was discharged as being physically unfit for further service. A VA Rating Board

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classified his nervous disorder as only a 10-percent disability. But the scar, which would handicap him as a salesman because personal appearance in his profession is important, was rated as a 90-percent disability. Today the ex-soldier is back in Indianapolis, learning to design airplane engines and drawing a $100-a-month pension.

Throughout all the rules and regulations relating to pensions, the words "service-connected" keep cropping up. If the injury or disease is service-connected, a pension may be awarded. If it is not service-connected, no soap. Just what do they mean by this service-connected business?

Actually, the VA's definition of a service-connected disability is pretty broad. It would seem to include all disabling injuries (or diseases) suffered by a soldier or sailor during the present war, provided only that the cause for the man's discharge was not the result of his own misconduct. When you're on furlough, or off duty, the VA says, you're still in the service; so if you happen, say, to get hit by a taxicab on your way to the opera or the burlesque, and as a result of your accident suffer a disability and are later discharged for that disability, you will get a pension. Provided, of course, that you weren't blind drunk when the cab rammed you, in which case the VA would probably rule that your accident was the result of your own misconduct.

A recent case before a VA Rating Board in the South involved this point of service-connected disabilities. A corporal, stationed at Camp Croft, S. C., got a 10-day furlough, which he decided to spend at his home on a little farm near Fayetteville, N. C. On the second day of his leave, the corporal was out shooting rats in the barn when his dog, frisking playfully around his legs, tripped him. As the soldier fell, his shotgun was discharged, the discharge hitting him in the kneecap. He was taken to an Army hospital where an amputation was performed. A month or so later he was given a CDD. The Rating Board awarded him the statutory pension for the loss of a leg ($35 a month) and an additional percentage rating for his disability ($60 a month). Today the ex-corporal is drawing a $95-a-month pension.

A few other points about disability pensions.

1) Pensions are never awarded while a man is still in service. He has to be an honorably discharged veteran.

2) The percentage of disability is always determined by a qualified VA Rating Board, composed of a medical specialist, a legal specialist and an occupational specialist.

3) "The percentage of disability," says the VA, "is based upon the *average degree* of impairment in earning capacity, so that there may be no penalty on any individual for his ability to overcome the handicap caused by his disability." In plain GI language, that means if you get a pension for $90 for the loss, say, of an arm, take special training and overcome your handicap, then get a job, the fact that you get a job doesn't disqualify you for the pension. You could make 500 bucks a week and still collect on your disability.

In the files of the VA is the case history of a veteran of the first World War who was awarded a pension of $100 for a back injury. Immediately after his discharge he was taken to a veterans' hospital where the doctors told him he would never walk again. After a year of lying flat on his back doing nothing, the veteran began to fear that he would go nuts if he didn't contrive something to absorb his interest. He got a telephone. Installed by his bed, that telephone, plus a lot of guts and determination, enabled him to start a business of his own—a laundry business. He called an old friend of his, a banker, and got a loan. He called a real-estate agent and had him rent a vacant storeroom. Then he called an employment agency and hired a few workers. He kept the books. Today, though still confined to his bed in the VA hospital, he is making a cool $25,000 a year. His pension check for $100 comes regularly every month.

4) Government pensions cannot be assigned, and they are tax-exempt.

Pensions For Dependents

If a soldier is killed or gets a disease or injury in line of duty that results in his death, his dependents are entitled to pensions at the following rates:

Widow but no child	$50
Widow with one child	65
(With $13 for each additional child)	
No widow but one child	25
No widow but two children (equally divided)	38
(With $10 for each additional child, total amount equally divided.)	
Dependent mother or father	45
Dependent mother and father (each)	25
(The total monthly amount payable to widow, child or children cannot exceed $100.)	

The Veterans Administration requires certain evidence in connection with claims for pensions filed by dependents. To speed the settlement of such claims the VA urges all servicemen to write to their dependents, asking them to have in readiness the necessary papers. If the widow is the claimant, a certified copy of her marriage certificate is necessary. If a child is included in the claim, a certified public record of its birth is required. In the event that the claimant is a dependent mother or father of the veteran, a certified copy of the public record of the serviceman's birth must be produced. Wives and children are automatically eligible for death pensions, but parents must prove their dependency.

Jack Mizrahi, formerly of the Signal Corps, discharged for injuries suffered in line of duty, studies accounting in New York at VA expense.

Free GI Insurance

As any guardhouse lawyer can tell you, National Service Life Insurance under certain circumstances provides for a waiver of premiums. Here's the way the VA Insurance Section puts it: "Payment of premiums may be waived during continuous disability of the insured which commenced after the effective date of the policy and which has existed for six consecutive months or more prior to the attainment by the insured of the age of 60 years provided that during such period all premiums have been timely paid."

To get what that means, let's go back for a minute to the staff sergeant who stepped on the booby trap in Salerno. When he appeared before Tim Sheehan and the Rating Board at Walter Reed, the soldier had been continuously disabled for a little more than six months. During that period the premiums for his GI insurance had been deducted as usual from his Army pay. So Sheehan explained that because his disability had lasted for six months continuously and since he was under 60 years old, the soldier would get a refund on the premiums paid during that time. But that wasn't all. Sheehan also notified the soldier that he could convert this five-year-term policy into one of the three other types of Government insurance—policies which, unlike the five-year ones, have cash value and which, after they've been in force for a year or more, may be either borrowed on or surrendered entirely for that cash value. So long as he is totally disabled —that is, "unable to follow continuously a substantially gainful occupation"—the ex-sergeant's premiums will be waived and his policy will be in every respect the same as if he were paying.

VA Vocation Training

If you are honorably discharged with a service-connected disability rated at 10 percent or more, you may be entitled to special vocational training and rehabilitation. While in training, your pension is automatically increased to $80 a month if you're single and to $90 if you're married, with $5 for each child and $10 for each dependent parent.

There is no ceiling to these payments. For example, a man might have a wife, 10 children and two dependent parents. That would be $90 plus $50 plus $20, or $160 altogether.

All training expenses are paid by the VA out of funds provided by Congress. That includes books, tuition fees at private or state educational institutions, equipment, and any other tools and training paraphernalia needed in your course. Training courses—ex-GIs can go to colleges and universities as well as to trade schools, etc.—may last as long as four years, but they must be terminated within six years after the war.

That just about wraps up the VA picture, except for two things.

If you have to write to the VA in Washington about pensions, insurance or anything else, you'll get a lot better service if you'll include in your letter your full name, your serial number and your full address. You'd be surprised how many needless delays are caused because clerks have to hunt through several miles of files (literally) for an exact name and an accurate address. Put it this way: There are more than 5,000 John Smiths in the service today, and there are 3,096 John Smiths who have files in the VA from the first World War. So if you want to save time in your VA correspondence, always give your full name, serial number and correct address.

The other thing is for chronic goldbricks who, in their zeal to get a CDD, often go to astonishing lengths to misrepresent their "symptoms" to the medicos. It ain't healthy. For instance, at Walter Reed the other day a gangling private from New Orleans told an Army doctor that he was slowly going blind. The doc examined the guy's eyes very carefully but could discover nothing organically wrong with them. Then just as the soldier prepared to leave the room, cockily sure of a speedy discharge, he noticed something on the doctor's wrist that interested him. It was a watch, a very unusual one, quite modern, with no numbers on the face. Fascinated, the peep said: "Say, sir, that watch ain't got any numbers on it." The doctor yawned slightly on his finger nails, buffed them a couple of times on his lapel and said, "That's right, soldier," a sweet destruction in his voice. Today, the private is handling a special detail in a certain well-used latrine in an eastern Army camp.

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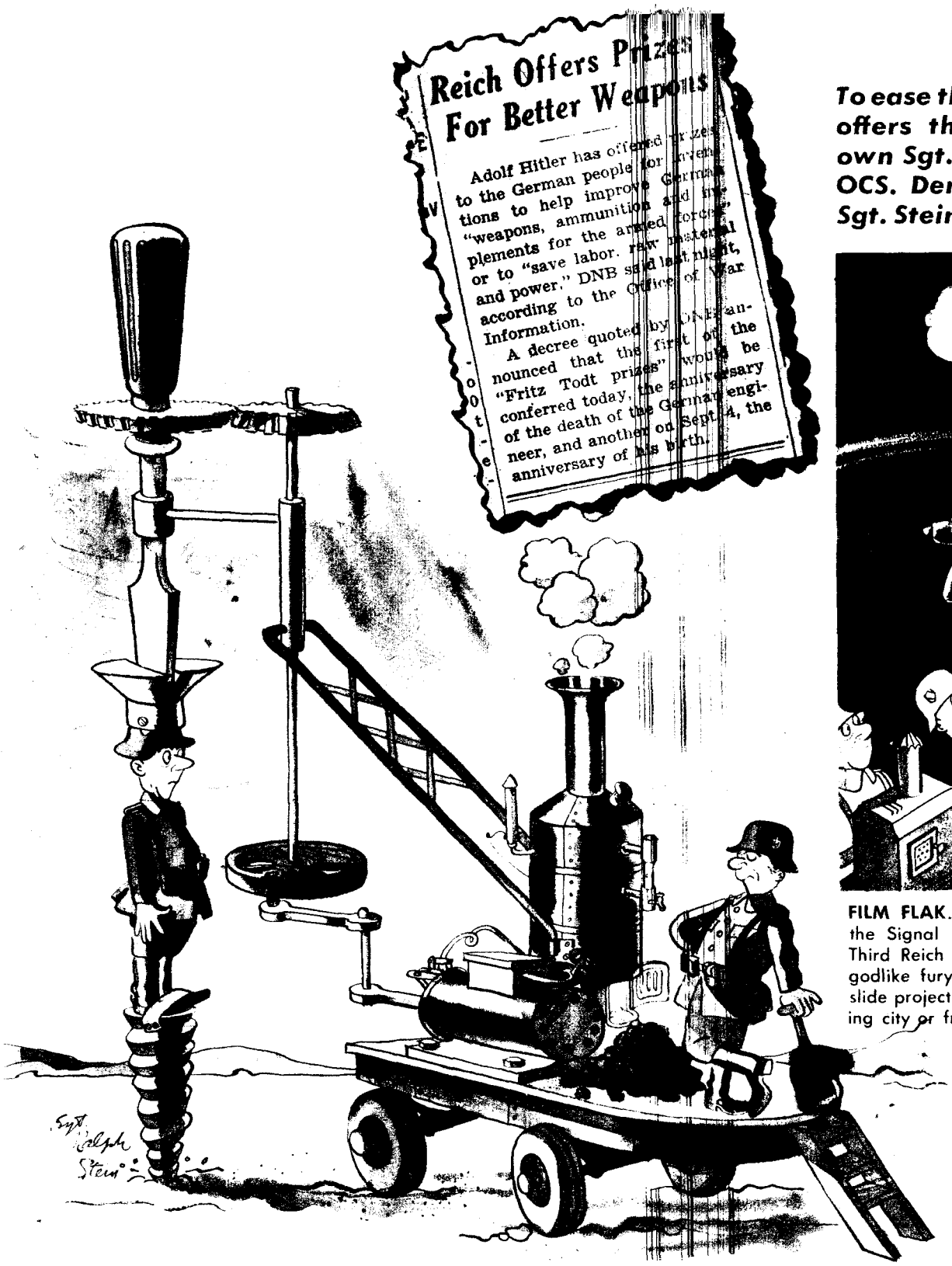
To ease the burdens of the master race, YANK offers these modest suggestions from our own Sgt. Ralph Stein, who should of went to OCS. Der Fuehrer can keep his old money; Sgt. Stein just likes to see his pictures in print.

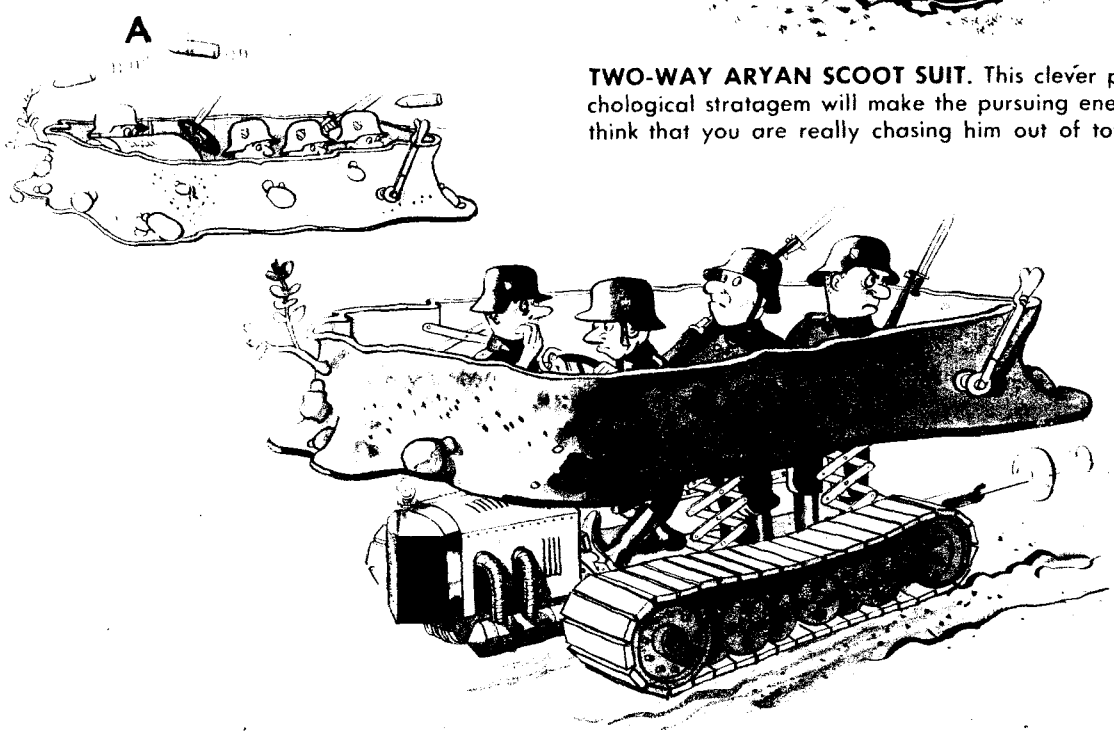


AUTOMATISCHE HERRENVOLK-HIDER, MARK II. In the interest of conserving manpower we have this handy gadget for screwing the German soldier—into the ground—and thus effectively concealing him for later use. With this steam-driven screw driver, a ton of coal will screw 60 to 95 soldiers in two hours—much quicker than the Nazi High Command usually takes for such a job.

FILM FLAK. Combining propaganda with psychological warfare, the Signal Korps can scare the hell out of the enemies of the Third Reich by projecting pictures of Der Fuehrer, complete with godlike fury and a Wotan get-up, on the clouds with a lantern-slide projector. If there are no clouds, use smoke from nearest burning city or from Adolf himself who is pretty burned up nowadays.

TWO-WAY ARYAN SCOOT SUIT. This clever psychological stratagem will make the pursuing enemy think that you are really chasing him out of town.

LITTLE ADOLF CARPET-CHEWER, MARK I. This simple mechanism is designed exclusively for You Know Who, who by this time could sure use the teeth he was going to pull from the British Lion. By chewing rugs quicker and in greater quantity, leaders can devote much more time to playing wrong hunches.



MOBILE MECHANIZED FOXHOLE, MARK III. This machine is a necessity on a fluid front when "rearward advances including disengaging maneuvers" are in order. This marvel of engineering ingenuity looks like an innocent foxhole, king size (position A), but when danger threatens, it moves quickly.

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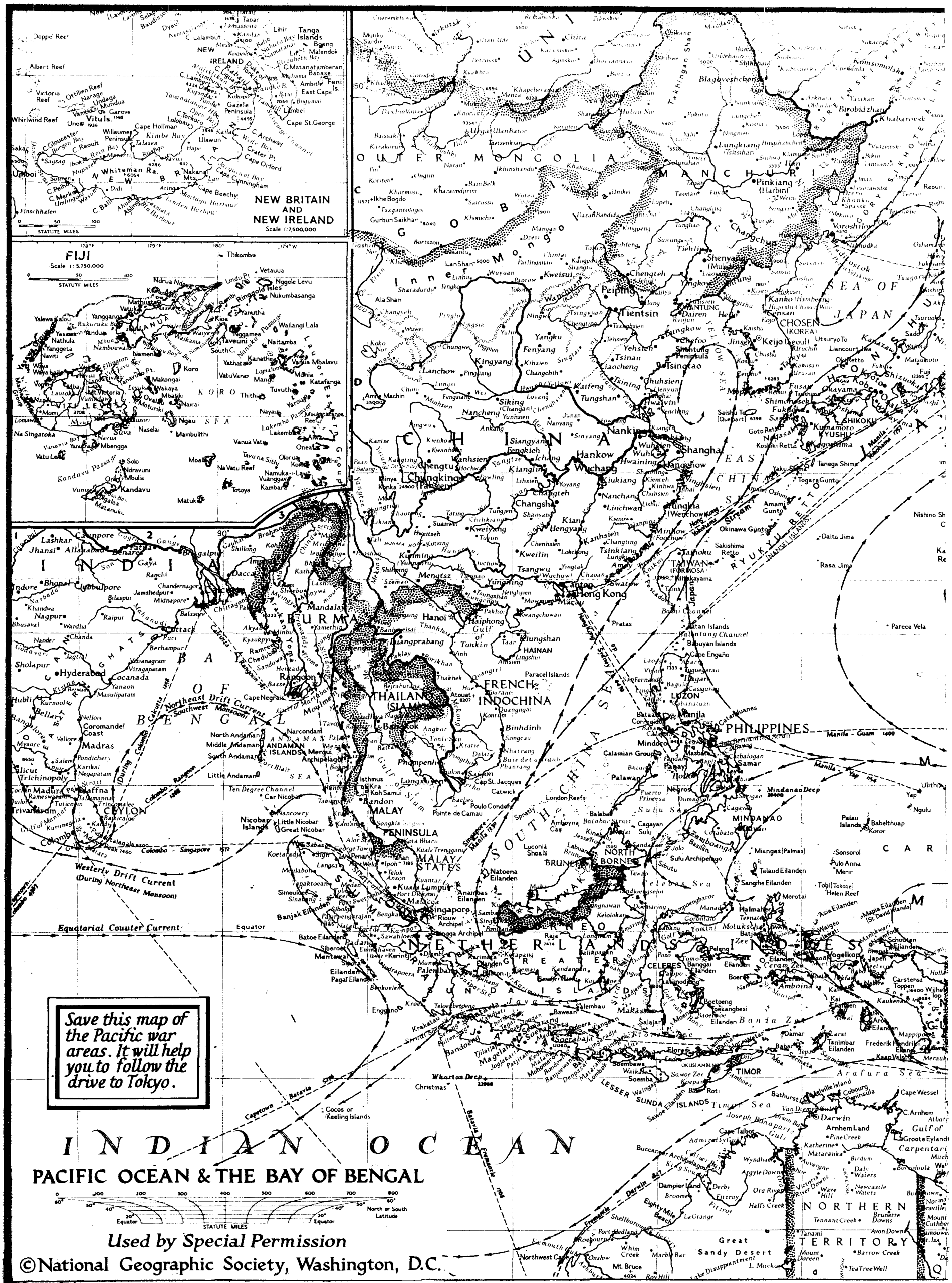

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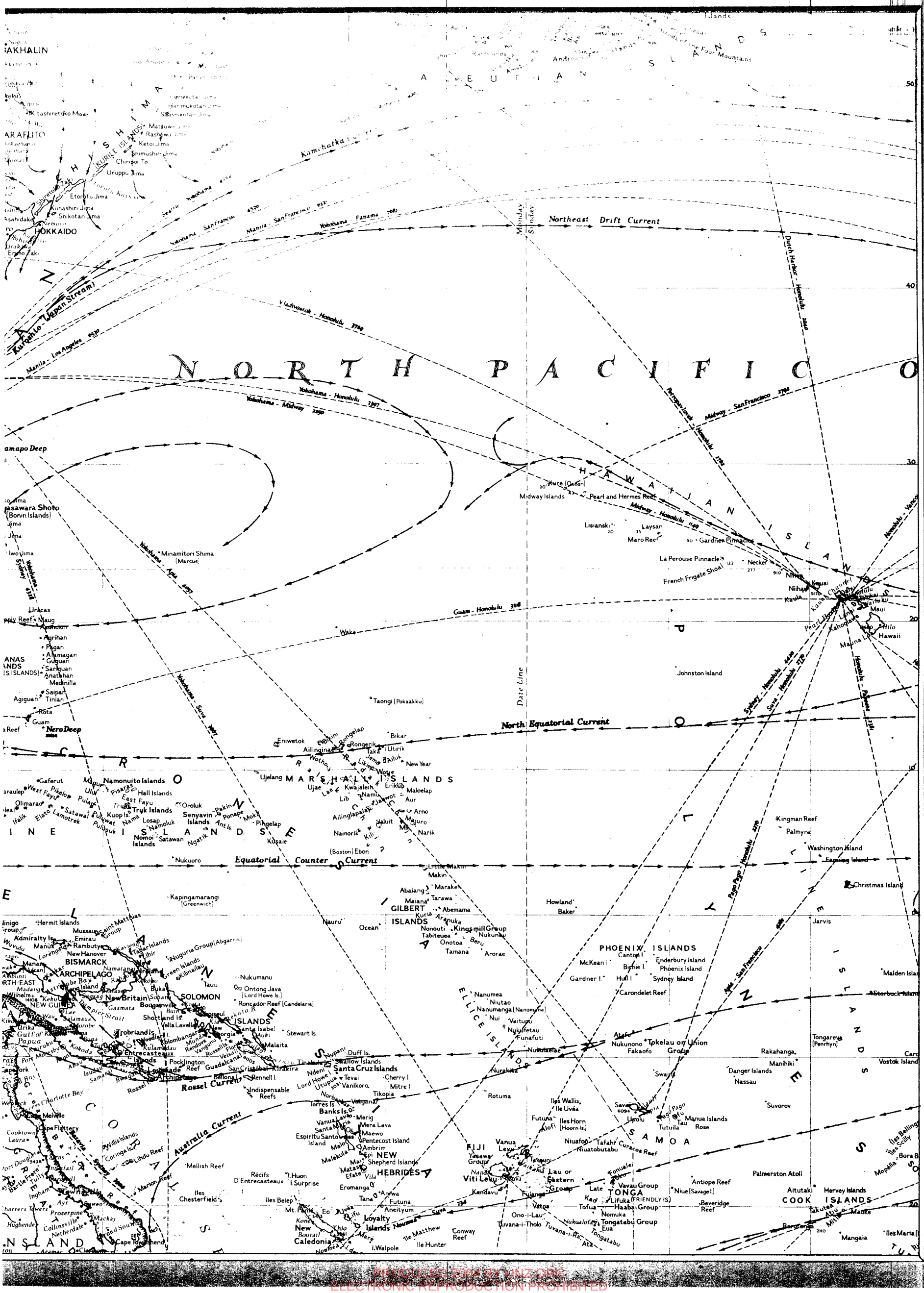
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
Kuroshio (Japan Stream)
Kamchatka Current
Northeast Drift Current
North Equatorial Current
Equatorial Counter Current
Rossel Current
Australia Current
Date Line
Monday
Sunday
Yokohama - Honolulu 3297
Yokohama - Midway 2350
Yokohama - Guam 4657
Yokohama - Suva 4961
Yokohama - Panama 7082
Yokohama - San Francisco 4520
Manila - San Francisco 6221
Manila - Los Angeles 6530
Vladivostok - Honolulu 3794
Dutch Harbor - Honolulu 2040
Panama Canal - Honolulu 2794
Midway - San Francisco 2792
Midway - Honolulu 1140
Guam - Honolulu 3318
Sydney - Honolulu 4440
Suva - Honolulu 2770
Honolulu - Panama 4196
Honolulu - Vancouver
Honolulu - Pago Pago 2276
Apia - San Francisco
Sydney - Suva 1734
Sydney - Yokohama
Sakhalin
Hokkaido
Kurile Islands
Aleutian Islands
Hawaiian Islands
Marshall Islands
Caroline Islands
Gilbert Islands
Phoenix Islands
Samoa
Tonga
Cook Islands
Fiji
New Hebrides
Solomon Islands
Bismarck Archipelago
New Guinea
Papua
Northeast New Guinea
Northwest Australia
Ellice Islands
Tuamotu Archipelago
Marianas Islands
Bonin Islands
Ryukyu Islands
Midway Islands
Wake
Johnston Island
Palmyra
Kingman Reef
Washington Island
Christmas Island
Howland
Baker
Jarvis
Malden Island
Starbuck Island
Vostok Island
Tokelau or Union Group
Nukunonu
Fakaofo
Rakahanga
Manihiki
Danger Islands
Nassau
Suvorov
Palmerston Atoll
Aitutaki
Hervey Islands
Mangaia
Rotuma
Tonga
Niue
Kapingamarangi
Nauru
Ocean
Taongi
Eniwetok
Bikar
New Year
Ujelang
Kwajalein
Majuro
Arno
Namorik
Nukuoro
Kusaie
Ponape
Truk Islands
Namonuito Islands
Hall Islands
Oroluk
Senyavin Islands
Pingelap
Ebon
Tarawa
Abemama
Kingsmill Group
Nonouti
Onotoa
Tamana
Arorae
Nukumanu
Ontong Java
Roncador Reef
Stewart Is.
Malaita
Santa Isabel
Santa Cruz Islands
Duff Is.
Swallow Islands
Vanikoro
Tikopia
Rennell I.
Indispensable Reefs
Torres Is.
Banks Is.
Espiritu Santo Island
Malekula
Efate
Tanna
Aneityum
Loyalty Islands
New Caledonia
Noumea
Ile Matthew
Ile Hunter
Conway Reef
I. Walpole
Lifou
Mare
Futuna
Aneityum
Vanua Levu
Viti Levu
Fiji
Lau or Eastern Group
Kandavu
Vatoa
Ono-i-Lau
Tuvana-i-Tholo
Tuvana-i-Ra
Tongatabu
Tongatabu Group
Eua
Niuatobutabu
Niuafoo
Tafahi
Curacoa Reef
Futuna
Alofi
Iles Horn [Hoorn Is.]
Iles Wallis, Ile Uvéa
Savai
Upolu
Tutuila
Manua Islands
Rose
Swain
Nukulaelae
Nanumea
Niutao
Nanumanga [Nanomaga]
Nui
Vaitupu
Nukufetau
Funafuti
Ellice Islands
Tuamotu Archipelago
Rangiroa
Mangareva
Iles Maria
Tubuai
Raivavae
Rapa
Marquesas Islands
Nukuhiva
Hiva Oa
Tahuga
Pitcairn Island
Easter Island
Sala y Gomez
Galapagos Islands
Cocos Island
Malpelo Island
Gorgona Island
Gulf of Panama
Gulf of Papua
Port Moresby
Cape York
Cooktown
Cape Flattery
Port Douglas
Cairns
Townsville
Mackay
Rockhampton
Brisbane
Sydney
Melbourne
Adelaide
Perth
Cape Leeuwin
Cape Howe
Cape Pillar
Cape Horn
Cape Hatteras
Cape Cod
Cape Ann
Cape Cod
Cape Fear
Cape Lookout
Cape Hatteras
Cape Henlopen

MAIL CALL

Soldier Voters

Dear YANK:
Yours is a young, lusty publication that doesn't pull its punches, and I think the soldier vote is an issue that needs some of your punching. The denial by Congress of the right to vote is an outright contradiction of the Four Freedoms, the Atlantic Charter, our Constitution or any name our war aims go by. Look, YANK, why don't you say something on this? Secretary Stimson has said that 48 state laws make soldier voting impossible. So if we don't have the Federal Government or the Army to administrate the voting, we'll have vote prohibition this war.

You're pretty sharp, YANK—can't you see that the representatives of the poll tax and state's rights are using that prop wash to deny the soldiers the right to vote in the same way they have denied the vote to others? A lot of us look upon this issue as one test of the sincerity of democratic intentions in the war and in the peace. And we would much rather have our right to vote than the mustering-out pay of $300, which we all may pay for through the nose through inflation anyhow. The soldier-voting issue is a morale one. Our morale is high, but there is no limit. Punch a little bit for us on this issue and our morale will hit an even higher ceiling.

Britain —Lt. HAROLD NORRIS

Dear YANK:
Some of us over here feel very strongly about the soldier-vote controversy and want you to know that something should be done to enable the millions of soldiers, sailors and merchant mariners to vote this year.

Britain —Pvt. HAROLD KRAMER*
*Signed by 44 others.

Dear YANK:
As a soldier in Australia I wish to protest the delay and sabotage of the soldiers' voting bill now being knifed in the back by the reactionaries in Congress. The only issue involved is: "Shall a soldier vote in the presidential election?" The answer is: "Hell, yes." All other issues, such as states' rights, the stinking poll tax and talk about "no politics in the armed forces" is a smoke screen to block millions of votes. Secret ballots can reach every soldier fighting on every front, so why the delay?

Australia —Sgt. GEORGE KAUFFMAN

Dear YANK:
Every serviceman should be given a list of names of congressmen who voted against the Federal vote bill. Servicemen might just as well know now who those men are we will have to fight later.

Italy —Sgt. FRANK BAIN

Dear YANK:
I've been overseas almost two years. I don't recognize any of the candidates nor am I familiar with their political aims and intentions. Why should I check off a lot of meaningless names on a ballot and feel satisfied that I have been given the right to vote—particularly when I destroyed the ballot I received in the last election because it arrived too late? I could have mailed it back and told those lame-brained politicians where to go, but I didn't want to clutter the mail bags with such rot. I believe it's an inexcusable, stupid blunder, a waste of money, precious paper, time, labor and shipping space. I think at least five letters could have been sent overseas in place of that one large ballot which turned out to be valueless.

Australia —T-4 CHARLES COHEN

Dear YANK:
One of your *Mail Call* correspondents writes that he was prevented from voting in the New York state elections because of the time it took for him to receive his application, send it back, receive his ballot and then send it back. I'm also a New Yorker and received an application which was forwarded to me by my wife on time, but I didn't vote either, because the procedure demanded that you have your return address on the envelope when you sent in your ballot. Personally I don't care to vote under such conditions, where whoever opens the envelopes can know exactly how each man votes.

AAB, Greenville, S. C. —Pfc. EZRA HERMAN

Dear YANK:
The soldier-vote bill is taking an awful beating. I happened to be in the Hotel Stevens the week end of Jan. 9 when the Republican National Committee was doing so much "thinking" on it. So far as I could observe they were having all they could do to walk a straight line. This is a pretty important business, and the Republicans are giving it an awful kicking around. It's a goddam shame that when a major political party plans a cure for the world's ills, they can't be sober about it. If it means anything, I'm not a Democrat or a Prohibitionist.

Naval Armory, Chicago, Ill. —BERNARD WEINSTEIN S2c

Dear YANK:
We may not get to vote now, but I believe that we, as ex-servicemen, will not long tolerate men who talk much and do little.

West Africa —S/Sgt. C. R. STRICKLAND

Dear YANK:
I doubt if 10 soldiers in the Persian Gulf Command were able to vote in the last election, and certainly no one I know was able to. We received our applications too late to do anything about it. Now I understand that Congress has refused to simplify the voting for servicemen overseas and that it is to be left entirely up to the individual states. If that is so it appears to me a crying shame, and it appears to me not too late to do something about it. I would be curious to see the list of the congressmen who vote against a bill that makes it easier for us to express our political preferences.

Iran —S/Sgt. WALTER J. SCHLOSS

Dear YANK:
. . . Here is my protest against the farcical voting procedure as we men overseas witnessed it during the last election, when the states ran the affair.

Australia —Cpl. W. GLANZBERGH

Dear YANK:
We cannot see why at this time our lawmakers are unable to approve a Federal vote bill. This seems to be the sentiment of the majority of the soldiers at this station. We feel that this matter should be given the utmost consideration. We are interested in voting!

The Aleutians —Sgt. L. A. DOUKAS*
*Signed also by Sgts. Sidney Goldberg and James E. Colley.

The Short Snorters Again

Dear YANK:
In *Mail Call* in YANK, [a December issue], you went to a lot of trouble to give an inquirer the qualifications of a "Short Snorter," and I felt that you wouldn't mind being corrected.

First, flying over or across an ocean is not a requirement as far as the original club is concerned. I base this on the fact that I have seen "Short Snorter" bills (the old big one-dollar bills) with signatures of early-day pilots on them who were dead before more than one or two planes ever flew across an ocean. Such signatures as Tex Rankin, Gene Tiger, McClelland, Young Stribling (the boxer) and Doolittle are on these old ones and were there before any of them ever flew an ocean.

Second, since it started as a civilian club, it was limited at one time to pilots because there was very little flying personnel at that time. Now that the flying job is far more than just piloting, membership must certainly include them all.

Britain —Lt. J. R. R.

■ There have been many different "rules" regarding the Short Snorters. At one time only a few West Coast pilots were "members"; at another time only those who actually sat at the controls of a plane could become "members." The "rules" which YANK printed are those followed today by Pan-American Airways and other air lines.

Deep in the Heart

Dear YANK:
Recently I was a dinner guest of the president of the Texas Christian Federation of Women's Club in Brownwood, Tex. The hostess told me she had tried to get her club to invite soldiers to members' homes, and I thought GIs would like to see the reply she got from one of the members. Unfortunately it is representative of what the "better class" of moguls really think. Here's the letter:

Dear Mrs. President. When you propose that we ask soldiers to our homes we feel as though you have failed us in the most critical situation which has ever arisen to face us. To ask the women of Texas to place their daughters on the altar of sacrifice to the evil that will come from the program which you presented is asking too much. I know our boys are lonely, but unless they have manhood enough to deny themselves some things for a few short months I do not believe they are courageous enough to sustain our democratic government.

Let us just look at the situation. If the social contacts at the camps were the end of those meetings quite another outlook could be seen, but you know those boys will go out on the week ends and contact our girls again. This time they will not be chaperoned, and for the virtue of how many girls who have thus lost their purity will we be held accountable? We just can't do this. Do not let us sell our daughters in such a racket. Maybe a few would meet life companions, but think of the sorrow and misery and sin we would be leading the numberless ones into! Men and women of the convention were hurt by your proposal. The decision almost wholly was that we mothers and fathers will not stand for this. We feel that the class of boys whom the girls would meet under your plan are the ones who deliberately want to meet strange girls and they are not the best class of selectees. Many are filled with uncontrolled passion and lust, and many of them are married. I am willing to sacrifice my time, my money and all my material profits for my country, but I cannot give my daughter in such a useless cause.

Well, I just thought you'd like to know what to expect when this melee is over.

Camp Bowie, Tex. —Pfc. JAMES L. SCOTT

Dear YANK:
I hail from the north, but I have spent most of my Army time in Texas, and I want to know what my citizenship will be after the war. You see, the Texans are winning the war. Every battleground has the Lone Star flag firmly implanted. Many of my friends who trained in Texas are now considered as "Texans," apparently, because the places where they were wounded are supposed to have been charged gallantly by Texans all, who tore into battle with a replica of Sam Houston's famous banner. So when the Texas Legislature dictates the peace, a lot of us may be stranded down here and we might lose our American citizenship. We're worried, a lot of us; we're really "sweating out" our future status.

Camp Hulen, Tex. —Pvt. ROBERT C. TIMRICK

Bonita's Date

Dear YANK:
In a movie magazine recently I saw a picture of Bonita Granville dining at the Mocambo with a Pvt. Joe Wade, according to the caption. Here is the picture. Please observe the uniform. It is a real commissioned officer's blouse if I ever saw one. He even has the officer's braid on his sleeve. I am a pilot in the Air Forces, and I am not allowed to wear the braid on my sleeve because I am not a commissioned officer. Just what in hell is wrong with the MPs in Los Angeles and Hollywood? Are they afraid to grab someone with a movie star?

AAF, Dalhart, Tex. —THOMAS HARTNETT, Flight Officer

■ The original picture [*above*] showed Miss Granville's date wearing a lieutenant's bar on his left shoulder, though it was not clear in the published photo. YANK wrote to Miss Granville and received this reply:

Dear YANK:
. . . . Lt. Wade has been overseas for two months. The picture you refer to was taken, as nearly as I can remember, some time in November. Lt. Wade always wore his lieutenant bars each time I saw him, and if one was missing the night the picture was taken, he must have lost it en route to Mocambo. Why the magazine referred to him as Pvt. Wade I do not know, and am very sure if he knew it Lt. Wade would be quite indignant.

North Hollywood, Calif. —BONITA GRANVILLE

Message Center

I. Sgt. WILSON D. IRVING, once at Fort Bragg and Aberdeen Proving Grounds: write Cpl. William H. Thorne, Co. B, Hq. Bn., Aberdeen, Md.

Q. LEE QUON, once in Co. D, 92d Recn. Bn., 12th Armd. Div., Camp Campbell, Ky.: write Pfc. Max Wilk, Btry. E, 263d CA, Fort Moultrie, S. C.

S. Sgt. JOE SANTONE, gunner in a B-24, once at Lowry Field, Colo.: write Pfc. Nick Flasco, 405th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Sedalia AAF, Warrensburg, Mo. . . . Pvt. DICKSON SHAW, once in AF Sec., TFR Pool, Fort Dix, N. J.: write Lt. Ernest R. Blanchard, 650th Bomb. Sq. (L), 411th Bomb. Gp., Florence, S. C. . . . T/Sgt. JACK SNOW, in the AAA overseas, once at Camp Davis, N. C.: write Lt. J. C. Whittemore Jr., Btry. C, Prov. Os Tng. Det., Camp Stewart, Ga. . . . Cpl. HARRY STILLMAN, once in Btry. A, 126th Bn. (AA), Camp Hahn, Calif.: write Cpl. David Wandel, Regt. Hq. Co., 377th Inf., APO 95, Los Angeles, Calif. . . . RAYMOND W. SULLIVAN of Newark, N. J.: write your buddy, James W. Vaughan SM3c, USN, ATB, Camp 1, Fort Pierce, Fla. . . . ALBERT SZABO of New York, N. Y., once in the QM Corps, Greenville, Miss.: write Pvt. Charles Bakos, 80 STSS, Bks. 1022, AAF Seven Falls, S. Dak.

W. Lt. MARVIN H. (BUD) WARD, National Amateur Golf Champion, last heard of in Calif.: write T/Sgt. Charles F. Vining, 477th Bomb. Sq. (M), 335th Bomb. Gp. (M), Barksdale Field, La. . . . Cpl. S. M. WATERBURY of Blue Hill, Nebr., who recently bailed out somewhere in India: write Cpl. Dan Alles, Co. I, 9th Bn., 3d Regt., AGF Repl. Depot No. 2, Fort Ord, Calif. . . . Pvt. HUGH WATSON of Langley, S. C., last heard of at 2d Motor Transport Co., Camp Charles Wood, N. J.: write Pfc. William D. Robson, 957 SRI Co., Camp Pinedale, Calif. . . . Pvt. EARL G. WILLIS, last heard from at Fort Shafter, Hawaii: write Cpl. George A. McCarty. . . . Lt. HARRY WISHNEW, last heard from in Calif., S/Sgt. MARTY WISHNEW, once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Cpl. Morris Kutlin, Hq. Btry., 49th AAA Gp., PO Box 150, Niagara Sq. Sta., Buffalo, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS—FORT MISSOULA, Mont.; FORT LEWIS, Wash.; CAMP HAAN, Calif.; CAMP IRWIN, Calif.; AT & SF DEPOT, Needles, Calif.—Friends from these camps: write Pvt. Joe F. Nanewich, Co. F, 409th Inf., Camp Howze, Tex. . . . Cpl. Felix H. Pientha—Anyone with information of his last flight to Sicily: write Cpl. Robert W. Reitz, 22d Airdrome Sq., AAB, Topeka, Kans.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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AN AMPHIBIAN'S SKETCHBOOK

THESE sketches of typical scenes in the life of an Army engineer in the Amphibian Command are the work of Cpl. Joseph J. Stefanelli of Philadelphia, Pa. He drew them while he was training as an intelligence noncom in a boat and shore regiment at Ford Ord, Calif.

Staff boat crews on a painting detail.

Order waiting.

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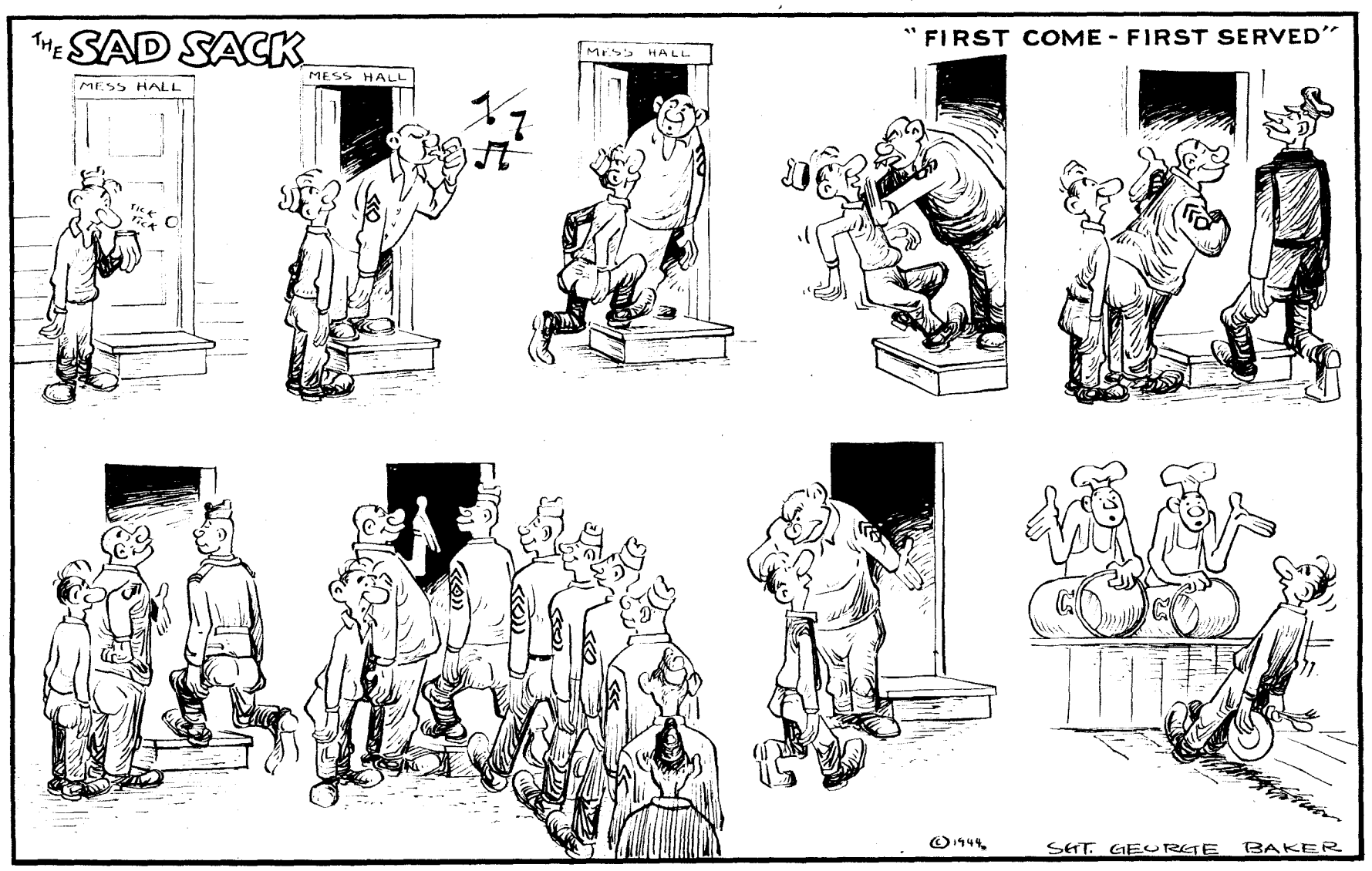

When we get our new T. O....

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

"TABLE of organization," said the adjutant to me, as if that explained everything. Good old table of organization. I've been batting my head against one of those things ever since I started tucking in my necktie.

In order to find what fiend dreamed it up, I reached for the *History of the United States Army*. The table of organization is as old as the armed forces. They had it in George Washington's time.

And in those days things were even worse. Each of the 13 colonies had a different TO for its fighters. Imagine the headaches that Washington had when he called his staff in for a little pep talk, back in the 1770's:

WASHINGTON: Remove your powdered wigs, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home. I've called you together to explain about ratings. There won't be any for a while, until we get our new table of organization.

GEN. JONES: Speaking of ratings, sir, why are those Minute Men simply loaded with brass and stripes, while the Militia never gets a rating? Those Minute Men are just a bunch of glamor boys——

GEN. SMITH: I resent that! Who held Concord Bridge? Who fired the shot heard round the world? Where was the Militia when——

WASHINGTON: Gentlemen, please!

GEN. WHITE: Sir, what about that sergeancy for my public-relations man? He's a smart boy—that was his idea at Bunker Hill, saying "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!"

GEN. STANDISH: Now wait a minute! If we're going to start throwing sergeancies around, let's not forget the corporal who's painting the murals in the Officers' Tavern on the post. He also happens to be doing an oil portrait of my wife, and she won't let me rest till he's promoted.

WASHINGTON: We'd like to, awfully, but we're governed by the table of organization.

[*Just then Ethan Allen, still muddy from the battle of Ticonderoga, bursts into the room.*]

ETHAN ALLEN: We've just taken Ticonderoga, sir, me and my Green Mountain Boys. I ask nothing for myself, but all the Green Mountain Boys should get tech sergeancies out of this. Of course the leader of a group of tech sergeants should have a lot more rank than I've got——

WASHINGTON: Quite right, and we're working on something for you. At present, however, the table of organization——

[*An exhausted messenger staggers into the room and reports to Gen. Washington.*]

MESSENGER: Sir, I've just come from Valley Forge. The men are cold and hungry and exhausted, but they don't mind that so much. What gripes them is the fact that for six weeks now there haven't been any promotions.

WASHINGTON: Unfortunately they're already over their quota of ratings, as provided by the table of organization.

MESSENGER: One more thing, sir, I ran all this way without stopping. I'm considered the best runner in the whole Signal Corps. How about a stripe on the first of the month? I ran through snow and cold——

WASHINGTON: Yes, I just came from Valley Forge, I know how cold it is. Unfortunately, all ratings are frozen——

[*Someone titters, which makes Washington frown angrily. The messenger goes. Gen. Benedict rises and clears his throat.*]

GEN. BENEDICT: Sir, as you know I've just returned from an expedition into Canada. My men have seen foreign service! They're entitled to the ratings, rather than these USO Commandos who did all their fighting at home in New York and New Jersey. All my men should advance one grade. And the officers, too—except, of course, myself.

WASHINGTON: Why general, I wouldn't think of advancing the others without promoting you, too.

GEN. BENEDICT: That's very nice of you, sir.

WASHINGTON: However, until we get our new table of organization, there simply isn't a thing we can do. That will be all, gentlemen.

[*All mumble angrily as they go, leaving only Washington and his aide, Col. Hawkins.*]

WASHINGTON: What a session that was! These generals can't get it through their heads that a table of organization is a table of organization!

COL. HAWKINS: By the way, sir, Capt. Childers was here yesterday, and he asked me to remind you of your promise. He said you'd understand.

WASHINGTON: Oh, yes! Capt. Childers. Very nice fellow. There's a man in his outfit I promised to promote to staff sergeant. I forget his name—he's the one who rode around the streets yelling, "The British are coming!"

COL. HAWKINS [*after thumbing his files*]: Oh yes, here it is. Revere, Paul, no middle initial. Hmmmm. I'm very sorry, sir, but there are no ratings available in his outfit's table of organization——

WASHINGTON [*angrily*]: Hawkins, please don't bother me with those clerical details! That Revere did a fine piece of work, and he deserves recognition for it. Capt. Childers was most anxious! Take care of it on the first of the month. I'm leaving immediately for Valley Forge.

COL. HAWKINS: Yessir. Before you go, sir, I was wondering how my chances are for a promotion this month——

WASHINGTON [*as he goes out the door*]: I'd like to very much, old man, but it's simply impossible. Can't do a thing under the present table of organization.

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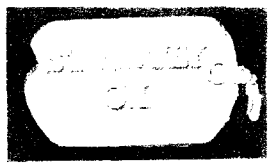

Negro Common Units

Secretary of War Stimson said last week that the War Department is deliberately attempting to avoid sending overseas or to keep out of combat units of the Negro or any other race." The WD policy, the secretary explained in a letter to Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York, is "to maintain the same ratio between Negro and white troops overseas as exists in the Army as a whole," although he went on to point out that "it is impracticable to maintain a uniform ratio of races to branches of service in all theaters."

Conversion of combat units to service units, Secretary Stimson said, is "based solely on the relative abilities, capabilities and status of training of the personnel available for conversion. It so happens that a relatively large percentage of the Negroes inducted in the Army have fallen within the lower educational classifications, and many of the Negro units accordingly have been unable to master efficiently the technique of modern weapons."

The secretary noted that both white and Negro troops overseas have been transferred from combat to service units and that Army personnel is distributed "on duties individuals are qualified to perform, regardless of their racial derivations." He added: "Large numbers of Negro troops are overseas or en route and will be given every opportunity to win battle honors and demonstrate their worth in actual combat." The WD will "make the best possible use of its available manpower in the prosecution of the war without regard to race, color, religion or other unmilitary considerations," the secretary concluded.

Bronze Star Medal

The new Bronze Star Medal, authorized by the President Feb. 4, 1944, will be awarded "for heroic or meritorious service against the enemy not involving aerial flight." The medal was provided especially for members of the ground forces and will be given for "performance of duty . . . not sufficiently outstanding to warrant the award of a Silver Star or a Legion of Merit." Service ribbons for the decoration will be worn until the medal—now being designed—becomes available.

Super Quilt

The latest gadget developed by the AAF is a multiple-purpose quilt, 6 by 4 feet, made of water-repellent material and stuffed with chicken feathers. Folded lengthwise and tied about the waist, it will serve as a life preserver. It has tie-straps along the edges so it can be used as a pup tent or a hammock, a slit in the center so it can be used as a coat or poncho, an OD side for concealment and a brilliant orange side for signaling. It can also be used as a sleeping bag. If worst comes to worst, it can be used as a quilt.

Carbine Grenade Launcher

The WD announces that attachment of a grenade launcher gives the light-weight .30-caliber carbine sufficient firing power to stop a 30-ton tank. Other improvements to the carbine provide additional accuracy of fire, lessen the effects of recoil and reduce the trigger pull.

Infantry divisions now are equipped with nearly as many carbines as heavier rifles. The carbine's rapid-fire action, light weight and lesser recoil make it a first-rate weapon for close-in fighting. A GI can carry almost twice as many carbine cartridges because they weigh only about half as much as those designed for other rifles.

Income-Tax Notes

The fact that you don't have to pay any income tax for last year doesn't exempt you from filing an income-tax return. If in this country, anyone who originally owed a tax for 1942, even though it was canceled by the 1943 Act, must still file a return. GIs overseas don't have to worry about it until they return to the U. S.

Dependents of Army personnel do not have to pay income tax on family allowances or Class E pay allotments, both of which are exempt under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942. A possible exception, says the Office of Dependency Benefits, are divorced wives who get family allowances or allotment-of-pay in payment of alimony. Such dependents should get a specific ruling from local Internal Revenue Office.

Veterans, Second World War

As of Feb. 15, a total of 1,220,036 men and women had been discharged from the armed forces since Pearl Harbor. The Army had discharged 1,036,000, of which 564,000 were CDDs; the Navy, 184,036, including 52,504 CDDs.

"My man are appoint me to offer surrendering only under one condition—that we are not required to eat admirable American delicacy named Spam?"

Washington O.P.

Viscount Trenchard, marshal of the RAF and retired chief of the British Air Staff, in Washington after a tour of AAF installations in this country, told us he believed the ground casualties of the coming invasion would be cut to one-tenth or one-twentieth of what they might be otherwise by the shattering effect of Allied bombings of the continent. He added that the Germans seem to be getting an unbalanced air force as a result of Allied pasting of their aircraft factories. In one recent raid on London the Nazis used five different kinds of planes.

Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, CG of the Army Forces in the South Pacific, said that a very high proportion of fighter pilots shot down over Jap territory had been recovered. He guessed that 60 percent of all combat crews either made their way back to our lines with the aid of friendly natives or were picked up out of the water by Navy PBY Dumbos, sometimes under the Japs' very noses.

There were 172,879 war prisoners in the United States on the first of this year, of whom 7,598 were officers. Approximately one-third of the enlisted personnel, both German and Italian, has been used in agriculture, logging, canning factories and other kinds of work. The War Manpower Commission and the War Department are surveying labor-shortage areas where more war prisoners can be used.

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Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF; Cpl. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian, ATC.

Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.; Sgt. S. I. Alpert, DEML; Cpl. Richard Harrity, DEML.

Puerto Rico: Cpl. Bill Haworth, DEML; Pvt. Jud Cook, DEML; Sgt. Robert Zellers, Sig. Corps.

Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.

British Guiana: Sgt. Bernard Freeman, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Greenland: Sgt. Robert Kelly, Sig. Corps.

Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.

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Negro Airmen Praised

Hondo Army Air Field, Tex.—When 21 Negro air cadets who received their wings here on Feb. 26 flew to La Guardia Field, N. Y., as part of the final stage in their combat-training flights, they were greeted and praised by New York's Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. Congratulating the men on completing training, the mayor cited the record of the Negro flyers of the 99th Pursuit Sq. in the ETO.

The men flew to New York in six C-60 Lockheed Lodestar training planes and were accompanied by 28 flight and navigation officers.

"Including the Scandinavian"

Deming Army Air Field, N. Mex.—Cpl. Angelo Palazzalo helped solve an international-language muddle while on leave in Mexico recently. When two Italian PWs who had escaped from a U. S. Army camp were captured at Chihuahua City and turned over to a U. S. consular office, Cpl. Palazzalo was called in.

The consul could speak Spanish but no Italian. The prisoners could understand Spanish but no English. The corporal could speak Italian but not Spanish. So the act went like this: The consul quizzed the prisoners in Spanish; they answered in Italian which Palazzalo translated into English for the consul.

QUIT SHOVIN'

Washington, D. C.—There's an Army sergeant's wife somewhere who has written to the WD asking that her husband be permitted to give up his job as a clerk and go into active combat service.

Without disclosing her name or his, the WD released the text of her letter, which urgently requested that her husband be transferred "into some place where he can do some fighting instead of sitting around in some useless branch of the service." The WD did not identify the branch she meant.

Nice Knowing Her

Camp Peary, Va.—Seabees Arnold Barill, William Campbell, John Smith and James Breenen, all of the 21st Special and all on leave, were having dinner at Maisie Smith's Diner in Covington, Ky. With them were Mrs. Barill and Mrs. Campbell.

When they asked for the check, Maisie handed them one for $2.50. One of the Navy men said: "Six times $1.25 (the price of dinner) is $7.50, the way I figure."

Maisie shook her head. "Not when four of my guests are Seabees," she said. "I haven't accepted payment for a meal from a serviceman since Pearl Harbor."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Devens, Mass.—Among thousands of GIs interviewed in regard to reclassification here recently was Pvt. A. McDonald who, when asked about his duties in the message center, said: "I sort the mail and put it in the various pigeon

CAMP NEWS

EXPERT ADVICE. John Scarne, master of cards and dice, whose gambling exposes are known to YANK readers, shows sailors how to spot loaded dice at Sampson (N. Y.) NTS.

INTRODUCER. Pfc. Paul W. Murphy joins up a couple of his pals. Now stationed at Camp Chaffee, Ark., he used to introduce celebrities at receptions in Washington, D. C.

SUPER CHEF. Can she make a chocolate pie? You've never tasted a better! She's S/Sgt. Wanda West, mess sergeant for the WAC Det. at the AAF Bombardier School, Midland, Tex.

SKIING GYRENE. Marine Pfc. Dorothy Graves at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., with a trophy awarded her at annual Norge Ski Club meet. She is national woman champ.

PROFESSIONAL. T-5 Charles Terrio has been sewing up so many balloons for Battery C of the 316th Bn. at Camp Tyson, Tenn., that sewing on his stripes was no problem when he was promoted. It was an expert job.

ALL-SERVICES CLASS. At the Ordnance School, Aberdeen, Md., Cpl. Arnold Cross (left) instructs Roger Kneff, petty officer 2d class, Marine Cpl. Foster R. Hoar and Pvt. Evo Delmedico in aircraft armament.

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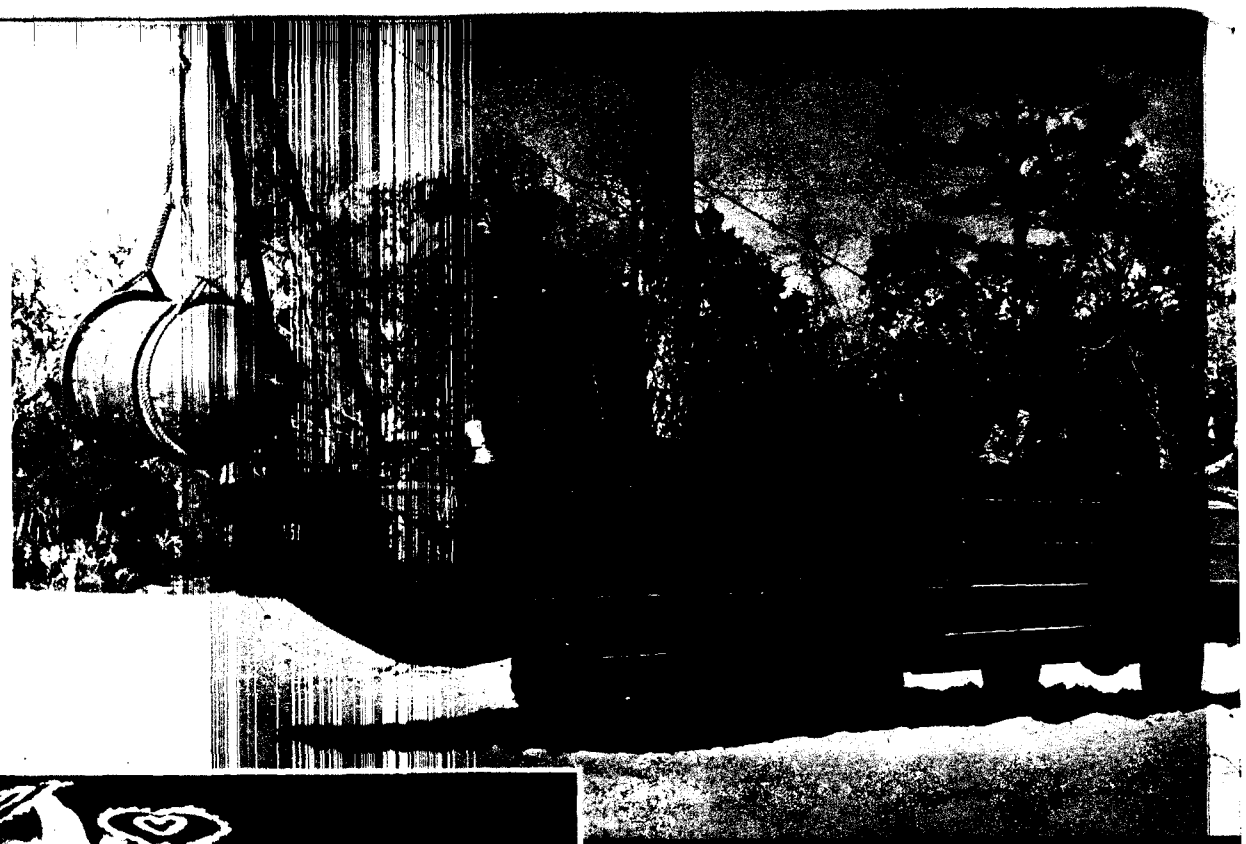
holes." His reclassification order just came through. He is now classified as a pigeon trainer and fancier.

USN Armed Guard Center, N. Y.—This story is ascribed to CPO Frank Shirvis, athletic specialist, by the *Pointer*, station paper. "What's the trouble with you?" the chief is reported to have asked a man who tripped and fell to the ground during PT. "I think I hurt my leg," the seaman replied. "Well, don't just lie there," Shirvis said. "Start doing push-ups."

Camp White, Oreg.—When Btry. A, 362 FA Bn. of the 96th Division, ended a recent GI beer party it was found that seven bottles of beer were left. Unable to divide it evenly, Mess Sgt. Paul Cropper decided to auction it off. The bottles went at prices ranging from $3.75 to $5.75, and the $32 realized was contributed to the March of Dimes fund.

Oliver General Hospital, Ga.—T-5 Henry G. Coleman has coined a command which brought laughs to bystanders here recently. Instructing a bunch of rookies, Coleman said: "Position of attention, TAKE!"



DUCK DERRICK. A DUKW, or a "Duck," loads a 2,000-pound bomb with an A-frame for cargo handling, steered by Pvt. Charlie Gray of the 820th Amphibian Truck Co. at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.

GYPSY'S "GIRLS." Gypsy Rose Lee, authoress and teaser, leads a chorus of GI "beauties" at Bergstrom Field, Austin, Tex., where she stopped on a tour of Army camps. Backing her up are Cpl. Charles Burgh, Pvt. Calvin Benell, S/Sgt. John Plewacki, S/Sgt. Olin Elliott, Sgt. Keith W. Clark and Sgt. Victor Solimine.

HOW IS HE? Lt. Aaron Kahan, Jewish chaplain for men of 63d Inf. Div., Camp Van Dorn, Miss., hired a New York hall to answer their families' questions.

Camp McCoy, Wis.—T-5 William Michael recently dictated an amorous letter, intended for his girl friend, to Cpl. Wong Fook, Chinese cook at Hq. Btry. Cpl. Fook transcribed the letter into Chinese and Michael sent it on to the girl with this postscript: "For a literal translation see your local laundryman."

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—An officer approached Sgt. Leslie Matilla, chief of the AB Sq. carpenter shop, and asked for some nails. "What will you have, sir," Matilla asked, "the six-penny or eight-penny ones? "Just nails," the officer replied. "I don't care how much they cost."

Harbor Defenses of Key West, Fla.—Midnight marauders broke into a battery mess hall here recently and got away with about 20 pork chops. But what burns S/Sgt. Letsky up is that the thieves stayed long enough to cook the chops and then left the dirty dishes.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—When Pvt. Connor Ballard, member of a wire and communications outfit in the 55th FA Tng. Bn., developed a terrific toothache one night on bivouac, he got pliers from his kit, sterilized them with a match and yanked out his own aching molar.

Rapid City Army Air Base, S. Dak.—The two MPs watched the little man and finally decided it would be best to take him back to camp before he got into trouble. He wasn't quite bad enough yet, so they took him out of the place quietly and planned to let him loose when in camp. As they piled him in the jeep, the little man glowered up at them, held up his wrists and said: "You guys better handcuff me. I'm a dangerous guy." Then he feel asleep.

SAY THAT AGAIN, DOC

Fort Snelling, Minn.—A group of GIs going overseas and a bunch of newly inducted men got mixed up in a medical center here, awaiting their physical examinations. A physician gave one of the men a brisk examination, shook his head and said: "Sorry, son, but you'll never get into this Army. You've got asthma."

The man sighed and said: "I'm sorry, too, doc. I've been in the Army 15 months now."

New Cumberland Reception Ctr., Pa.—An article on constitutional law written by Pfc. Marvin Comisky, interviewer with the classification section here, was recently cited by U. S. Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy as authority for a dissenting opinion handed down on a recent case.

Camp Shelby, Miss.—Pvt. Ernest Murano took off early one night recently to catch a movie at the post theater a mile away. Arriving there he saw a sign that read "STANDING ROOM ONLY." He decided that no show was worth standing to see, so he returned to his barracks. The following day, he learned that the name of the picture was "Standing Room Only."

Camp Crowder, Mo.—When Pvt. Harry Heyman arrived here from Camp Polk, La., he stopped the first GI he saw and asked him the time. "You know I have no watch, Harry," came the reply. The watchless GI was Heyman's brother Chester.

Fort George G. Meade, Md.—Pvt. Erwin Faller is waiting to see how the Army will classify a former palace manager. From 1933 until the Italians marched into Addis Ababa, Faller was head of the official household staff of Emperor Haile Selassie of Abyssinia.

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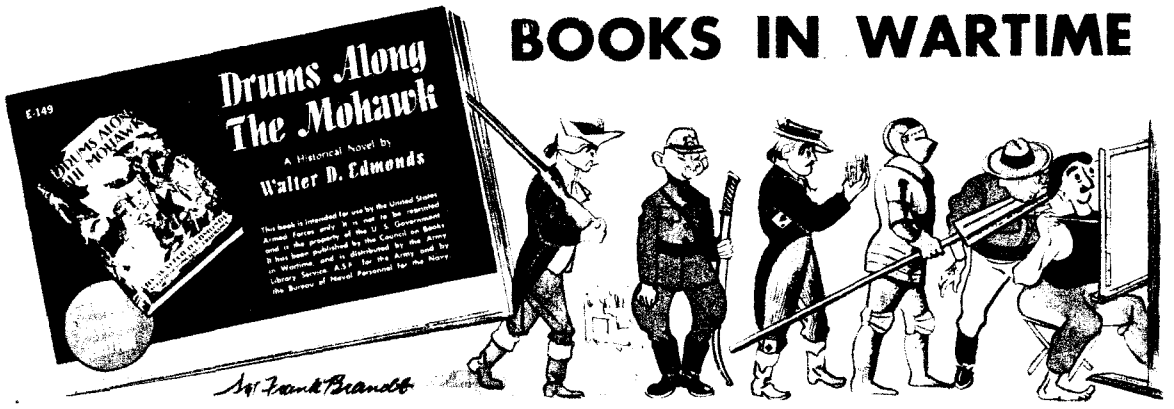
BOOKS IN WARTIME



HERE are the 30 titles which make up the fifth or "E" series of the Armed Services Editions, the paper-bound, pocket-size books published by the Council of Books in Wartime for GIs overseas. There are 50,000 copies of each title, and they are being distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF for the Army, and the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

If you have any suggestions for new books or criticism of those which have already been issued, write to YANK, and we'll pass on your remarks to the Council of Books in Wartime.

E-121 STATE FAIR *By Phil Stong*
An Iowa farm family spends a week at the State Fair.

E-122 SEVEN ESSAYS *By Ralph Waldo Emerson*
Including his immortal essay on friendship.

E-123 GHOST TRAILS *By W. C. Tuttle*
Western, with a dash of religion.

E-124 THE RANGE HAWK *By Arthur H. Gooden*
Western, with a dash of love.

E-125 THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE *By Frank H. Spearman*
Another Western.

E-126 A SENSE OF HUMUS *By Bertha Damon*
Life in the New Hampshire countryside.

E-127 "BUSHIDO" *By Alexandre Pernikoff*
Factual account of Jap terror in occupied countries.

E-128 THE MOON AND SIXPENCE *By W. Somerset Maugham*
Still makes fresh, vivid reading.

E-129 SADDLE AND RIDE *By Ernest Haycox*
Still another Western.

E-130 SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE *By Earl Derr Biggers*
Exciting mystery romance.

E-131 SCIENCE YEAR BOOK OF 1943 *By John D. Ratcliff*
Some of year's best pieces on medical research, aviation, natural history and agriculture.

E-132 GREEN HELL *By Julian Duguid*
Brilliantly told account of adventure in South American jungles.

E-133 SHIP OF THE LINE *By C. S. Forester*
Historical novel of the British Navy during the Napoleonic Wars.

E-134 ORDEAL BY HUNGER *By George R. Stewart*
Grim tale of pioneers lost on their way to California.

E-135 THE GAMBLER TAKES A WIFE *By Myron Brinig*
A complicated Western about a gambler who weds.

E-136 STORIES FOR MEN *Edited by Charles Grayson*
Including Hemingway's "The Undefeated" and a corking whodunit by Cpl. Dashiell Hammett.

E-137 JAMAICA INN *By Daphne du Maurier*
Adventure tale of the Cornish moors 120 years ago. Loaded with atmosphere.

E-138 RANDOM HARVEST *By James Hilton*
Starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

E-139 A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT *By Mark Twain*
One story that never loses its flavor.

E-140 CIMARRON *By Edna Ferber*
Sweeping historical drama of the Southwest.

E-141 I MARRIED ADVENTURE *By Osa Johnson*
Life with the globe-trotting Johnsons.

E-142 WINDSWEPT *By Mary Ellen Chase*
Tragic tale set off the barren coast of eastern Maine.

E-143 ROUGHLY SPEAKING *By Louise Randall Pierson*
An autobiography of a self-made woman.

E-144 HELL ON ICE *By Comm. Edward Ellsberg*
Story of a polar expedition by a famous sea writer.

E-145 DOCTORS ON HORSEBACK *By James T. Flexner*
Dynamic biographies of seven outstanding American doctors.

E-146 THE LATE GEORGE APLEY *By John P. Marquand*
Boston in the golden age of security.

E-147 SELECTED SHORT STORIES *By Stephen Crane*
Including some first-rate yarns of the Civil War.

E-148 ONE MAN'S WEST *By David Lavender*
Personal history of an old-time rancher and miner.

E-149 DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK *By Walter D. Edmonds*
Historical drama of the Mohawk Valley pioneers during the Revolution.

E-150 KINGS ROW *By Henry Bellamann*
Best-selling psychological novel of incest, ambition and love in a small town.

NAVY NOTES

USS Rock

Phoebe the Female Seabee

USS Winooski

Hank Porter

BURBANK, CALIF.—Seabees at Camp Hueneme, Calif., recently wrote to Hank Porter of the Walt Disney Studios asking for a sketch of a Seabee pin-up girl. They wanted a "deliciously feminine queen bee, with rosebud lips, dewy bedroom eyes and an atomizer to make her deadlier than the male," who carries only a Tommy gun. Porter promptly produced the portrait of Phoebe the Female Seabee, as pictured above.

Porter has produced more than 1,000 designs for the Army and Navy since his first—a mosquito-on-a-torpedo insignia for the PT fleet. Since then requests have come in so thick and fast that he's always 300 designs behind.

His insignia, which have flown with such outfits as the Flying Tigers and the Eagle Squadron, are to be found on trucks, jeeps, tanks, conning towers, ordnance material, flight jackets and mess halls. Most of the emblems embody minor Disney characters, but never "big names" such as Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Pluto unless they are requested. The same goes for duck and eagle insignia, of which Porter says there are too many already.

There are dozens of fanciful bugs, birds and beasts in the Disney Technicolored menagerie, but no fish. So Porter has to dream up all the fish needed for submarine emblems. He always caricatures the finster for which the sub is named. For the *USS Sailfish* he designed a fish with a huge sail being puffed along by a blowfish; for the *USS Rock* he did the fighting rock bass reproduced above, complete with boxing gloves.

Porter wishes more requests contained specific suggestions. The more he knows about a unit's fighting record, or its mascot, the more appropriate he can make his design. The little Indian shown above was drawn for the *USS Winooski*, a fleet oil tanker, and symbolizes the ship's name, while the oil drums and pump indicate her job and the two medals on the hatband denote the *Winooski's* participation in two campaigns.

Some of his requests are tough nuts to crack, but Porter manages them. For an anticontamination unit he drew a fearless bug with a Red Cross kit spearing a genie-like monster; for the landing signal gang on an aircraft carrier, a many-armed Donald Duck flapping a multitude of flags; for the crews of mine sweepers, anything from a mermaid with a broom in a mine field to Pluto biting the cables in two and sweeping the sea with his tail.

Porter has two special jobs he can't do yet. The first is a huge master mural with all his animal emblems in their appropriate elements of land, sea and air. He doesn't have time for that yet. The other is an insignia for his 17-year-old son's outfit in the AAF. That will have to wait until his son gets an outfit; he hasn't finished basic yet.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

IT'S JUST about a year ago that we last ran a picture of Esther Williams on our pin-up page and, as the governor of North Carolina didn't say to the governor of South Carolina, that's too long a time between pictures of Esther Williams. The former swimming star's latest is MGM's "Mr. Co-ed."

BORDER PROBLEM

WHEN Farmer Glutz left his farm—a perfectly square plot of land—to his four sons, he insisted that it should be divided equally among the four boys.

Furthermore, to make sure they all kept in touch with each other, he declared that each son's land should border at some place on the land belonging to each of the three other brothers. Just touching at a point wouldn't do.

Can you work out this border problem?

CAMOUFLAGE

NAMES of 10 U. S. presidents are camouflaged in this disgusting saga of the sea. Can you detect them in 20 minutes? As an example, here is camouflage for President Tyler: "He lived in high sTYLE Regardless of his low finances."

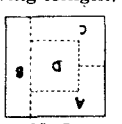
When his ship was hit, Jack had to part hurriedly from his companions, taking to the raft after swimming through the oily sea. For days Jack's only food was hardtack and salmon roe. "Looks as if I'm here to stay Lord knows how long," he thought.

But in the late afternoon of the seventh day, just as the sun, a ruddy disc level and low on the horizon, plunged from sight, Jack sighted a tanker. When he was picked up Jack discovered to his delight that the tanker was headed for his home port.

"Yo ho, over the bright blue sea," cried Jack, who was a hell of a lot more literary than most castaways after seven days of exposure, "the nomad is on his way home."

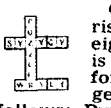
And it wasn't long before Jack was again gazing at the familiar old pier. Centrally located on the water front, it stood out like a sore thumb. Going ashore he sent his girl a wire: "Arrived. Very glad am safe. Let's go rowing tonight."

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS



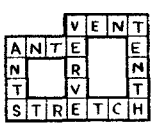
BORDER PROBLEM →

CAMOUFLAGE. Arthur, Taft, Jackson, Monroe, Taylor, Cleveland, Hoover, Madison, Pierce, Adams.



OVERSEAS TEE-TOTAL WINNERS. T/Sgt. K. J. Harris has top score in this contest with 270. It's the eighth time he's been a winner and his solution is shown here. William Reiter SF2c was a winner for a ninth time with 249. First-time winners, who get prize Puzzle Kits, and their scores, are as follows: Pvt. L. Schiff (263), Pvt. Ben Genender (260), S/Sgt. Leland P. Young (257), Cpl. James P. Terry (253), and S/Sgt. C. S. Anthony (247).

U. S. TEE-TOTAL WINNERS. Puzzle-Kit winners and their scores are Sgt. Gunnar Lindstrom, Peterson Field (432); S/Sgt. Herman Birenbaum, Foster Field; Pvt. L. D. Kuttner, Salt Lake City, and S/Sgt. Maurice Houlne, Oakland, Calif. (all 417); Pfc. Charles Sherman, Jefferson Bks.; T/Sgt. George Sansom, Fort Benjamin Harrison, and Pvt. Everett Bleiler, Camp Ritchie (all 415); Pvt. James White, Camp Davis (414). Second-time winners were Pfc. Jack Rector, Camp Davis, and T-3 K. B. Rousseau, Fort Benning (both 432), and Pfc. John Essene, Ann Arbor, Mich. (419).



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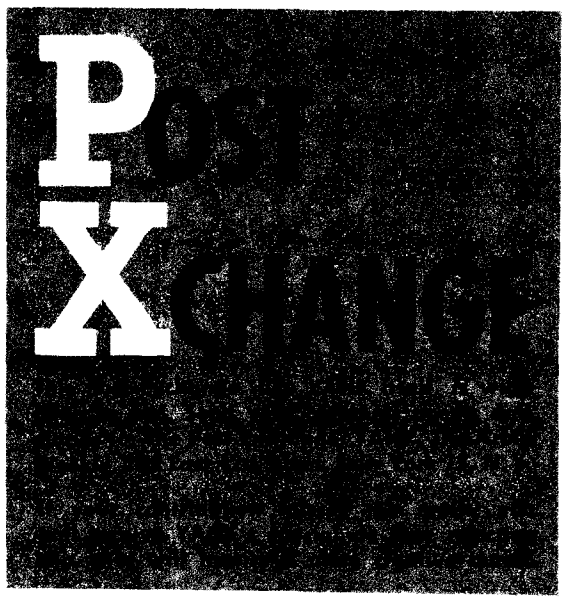

GI BEER SONG

Translucent are the windows of my soul,
And fogged the panes that open to my brain.
Attained at last the long-awaited goal,
For beer is sold in the PX again.
Wherefore I smite the lyre anew for thee,
Adenoidally my croaking voice is raised
In nasal paeans to the absentee
Still visible to optics blank and glazed.
Absent in flesh, but ever in my mind,
And what a place that is, love, I declare,
For one so chic, so well-bred, so refined!
You really have no business to be there;
By any code, its conduct unbecoming,
A gentleman to take a lady slumming!

AAB, Ephrata, Wash. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

WHY BOTHER?

You cloak yourself in sables,
Wear the latest style in frocks;
A foreign male beautician
Coifs your auburn locks.
You're quite the height of fashion,
So elegantly elite;
The finest of the booter's art
Is for your dainty feet.
You want me to admire you
(At least that's what you say);
You want me to be proud of you,
Hence all this gay array.
But why bother with such fineries?
You could dispense with those.
For when I do, dear, dream of you,
You're in your birthday clothes!

Camp Lee, Va. —Pfc. CHARLES F. KIRBY

CONTAMINATING THE CLASSICS

She was a phantom of delight
I'd only see when I was tight.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
For lipstick may not be all with which they're laden.

My heart leaps up when I behold—
But on second thought you needn't be told.

She is not fair to outward view;
I leave the rest for you to construe.

Puerto Rico —Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

"May I lick the batter?"
—Pfc. John De Vries, AAB, Sioux City, Iowa

Next Case!

SCENE: *The colonel's office, the colonel sitting at his desk. A GI walks in and salutes.*

GI: I was told to report to you, sir.

COL.: Oh, yes. Now exactly what are you charged with?

GI: Walking on the seeded lawn, sir.

COL.: Why did you do that, boy? Can't you read the signs?

GI.: Yes, but it was after taps and all the lights were out.

COL.: But your pass was only good till 11 P.M.

GI: I was absent for bed check, sir. The guard who caught me walking on the lawn helped me back to the barracks.

COL.: I see. You couldn't find your way because of the darkness.

GI: No sir, I was dead drunk.

COL.: Hmmm. [*Quietly*] You know where to get liquor in Wilmington?

GI: Why, no; I got mine in Washington, D. C.

COL.: But that's out of the limits of your pass.

GI: I know it, sir, but you see I wrote out a fake pass.

COL.: Who signed it?

GI: I did, sir—with your name.

COL.: There is still no reason why you couldn't get back to camp on time.

GI: I would have, sir, but I had a crack-up with a loaded civilian bus.

COL.: Why didn't you look where you were driving?

GI: But I had to drive fast. An MP was chasing me.

COL.: Why?

GI: Oh, I had been fighting with some captain. I almost ran over him.

COL.: Did he take your license away?

GI: I don't have a license, sir.

COL.: Then how did you get a car?

GI: I stole it.

COL.: Then the MP should have reported you.

GI: He didn't catch me, sir. He stayed to help the civilians in the crash. I hitchhiked to camp and got away.

COL.: All this has nothing to do with your offense. You know that the lawn is not to be walked on, and darkness is no excuse. Your punishment is to police up around the barracks—and pick up everything that doesn't grow!

GI: Yes, sir. [*Salutes and leaves.*]

COL.: Next case! [*Second GI enters.*] Well what is your story, soldier?

2D GI: I threw a matchstick on the grass, colonel.

COL.: What! Three months in the guardhouse and two-thirds of your pay forfeited! Next case!

Camp Davis, N. C. —Pfc. ALBERT W. GOLDE

Humphrey, Franchot and Victor

AFTER five straight days Kelly, Goldstein and Stetson began to get tired of practicing beach landings. So they welcomed the chance to help the engineers lay a wire road over the sand. They were even happier when they were told to go and gather stakes.

They wandered off behind the sand dunes, picking up stakes. In a short time they got tired of that, too. They were just knocking around, throwing stakes at each other, when Kelly started it.

"Hey, look at me," he hollered, "I'm Humphrey Bogart in 'Sahara'."

With that he staggered up the dune. When he reached the top he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked out at the ocean. He turned slowly.

"Men, there's nothing. Nothing but sand."

"Hell," broke in Stetson, "I can do better than that. Look at me. I'm Franchot Tone in 'Five Graves to Cairo'."

He took a couple of steps, then fell flat on his face at the bottom of the dune. After a moment he raised his head, wiped the sand out of his eyes and peered at the nothingness of it all.

"Not bad," commented Goldstein, "but what about Victor McLaglen in 'The Lost Patrol'? That really was acting."

He picked up a stake, cradled it like a heavy machine gun and charged up the dune. When he got to the top he shouted: "All right, you bastards, come and get me!"

Then he started spraying his stake machine gun, making noises with his mouth.

After he finished they changed characters. Goldstein was playing Franchot when they were interrupted; he was raising his head to wipe the sand out of his eyes when he saw two legs. The legs belonged to a major.

The major called the three over and asked them what they were doing. They told him they were gathering stakes. The major took their names and company and told them to tell their first sergeant that they were on KP the next day. Then he told them to get busy and gather some stakes.

In the afternoon they were still gathering stakes. Stetson was on top of a dune.

"Hey," he called out, "look at me. I'm Franchot Goldstein was Humphrey peering into the distance and Kelly became Victor, blazing the machine gun. Then Goldstein turned around to find himself peering into the eyes of a colonel who had been watching the entire act.

The colonel wanted to know what they were supposed to be doing. They told him they were supposed to gather stakes. The colonel took their names and told them to tell their first sergeant to put them on KP the next day. As he walked away he said: "Now pretend you're soldiers gathering stakes."

After the colonel had gone the three discussed the situation.

"Well," said Stetson, "it looks like we're on KP tomorrow."

"I guess we are," said Goldstein.

"Yes, I guess we are," said Kelly.

They thought about this for a while. Then Goldstein broke out.

"Hey, look at me. I'm Victor."

He picked up a stake, cradled it like a heavy machine gun and charged up the dune. When he got to the top he shouted: "All right, you bastards, come and get me!"

Then he started spraying his stake machine gun, making noises with his mouth.

Camp Pickett, Va. —Cpl. C. G. DeVAN

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SPORTS

French Sailor Looks Like Future Champ to Sharkey

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALGIERS [By Cable]—If he were given his choice of the 176 British, French and American soldiers, sailors and marines who competed in the six-day Allied boxing championships here at St. Eugene Stadium, Jack Sharkey—one of the cleverest boxers who ever held the heavyweight crown—knows the man he'd pick. He'd take Marcel Cerdan of the French Navy, winner of the professional senior welterweight title.

"I'd like to have Cerdan in Madison Square Garden against anybody," Sharkey said when he had climbed out of the ring after refereeing the finals. "I like the way he throws punches, not only when he is inside a man, but from the outside as well."

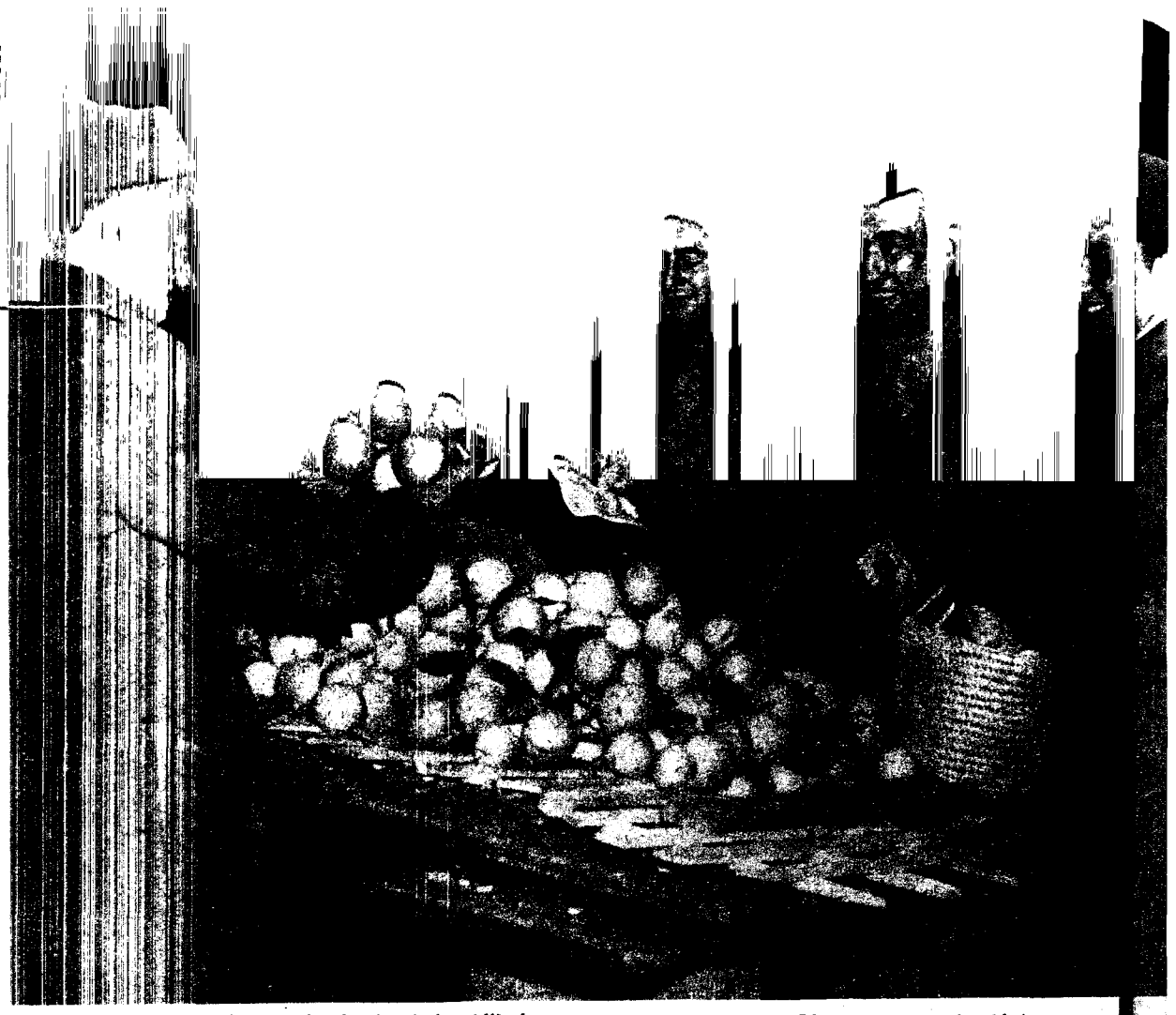
Sharkey wasn't alone in his generous praise for the fierce little Frenchman. The 15,000 GIs, who braved the rainy, wind-swept stadium to see the finals, were of the same mind and showed it by joining the French sailors and soldiers in rhythmic applause.

"Cerdan!" clap, clap; "Cerdan!" clap, clap; "Cerdan!" They roared and beat time to their roars with their hands.

Champion of Europe when the war broke out, the 27-year-old Cerdan, an ordinary seaman, has lost only two fights in seven years of boxing on the Continent and in North Africa. According to Gilbert Benaim, who took Pedro Montanez to the States and plans to take the dark-eyed, good-looking young Frenchman there after the war, Cerdan hasn't been pressed any more since turning professional than he was as he swept through to the tournament title by knocking out Harvey Drouin in one round, earning a decision over Salvatore Adragna in the semi-finals and scoring a one-round technical knockout over Joe Di Martino in the finals.

The Cerdan supporters showed their confidence in him by giving odds of 5 to 1 that he would knock out Di Martino. Not since Georges Carpentier—whom Cerdan's manager handled during his ill-fated come-back—has a fighter captivated the imagination of the French to such an extent.

Aside from the obvious class of the Frenchman, the outstanding feature of the tournament was the showing of the Fifth Army in winning five titles with a team of combat troops who came right out of the front lines only a few short weeks ago. Their performance justified the confidence their commanding general, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, had shown in them when he placed them on detached service so they could train for the championship.



Jack Sharkey, who refereed the finals of the Allied tournament, treats some GIs to oranges in Algiers.

The Fifth Army boys who won titles were Pvt. Thomas W. Guzzardo of Philadelphia in the amateur lightweight class and Pvt. Cecil Shumway of Dallas, Tex., in the amateur heavyweight division; Pvt. Marshall Higa, Japanese-American from Honolulu in the professional bantamweight competition; Pvt. Larry Cisneros of Hollywood, Calif., in the professional welterweight class and Pvt. Robert Berry of Cleveland in the professional light-heavyweight class.

Most exciting bout of the evening was the one that brought together Cisneros, once ranged fifth in the lightweight class and third in the welterweight class in U. S. rings, and Pvt. Omar Koudri, former French champion. Both boys were in-fighters and had similar styles, and kept the crowd on its feet throughout the fight. Cisneros was awarded a unanimous decision over the Arab boy, but the Frenchmen in the crowd booed and jeered the verdict, and some of them actually walked out. It was no secret that they had thousands of francs riding on Koudri.

Shumway, an ammunition carrier, provided the biggest upset of the tournament when he outpointed Pvt. Perry L. Bryson, also of Dallas, in an extra round of the amateur-heavyweight division finals. Bryson, one of the best prospects of the tournament and a reputable belter, was supposed to be a cinch to stiffen Shumway, but it was Shumway who got the gloves Sharkey used in winning the title from Schmeling as his reward for never allowing Bryson to get a solid shot at him. After the fight Shumway was shipped back to the beachhead at Anzio.

Ironically enough, one of the most popular fighters in the tournament never reached the finals or, for that matter, got beyond the second round eliminations. He was Pvt. Clyde Farrier, a Fifth Army paratrooper from Sunnyside, Wash., who turned in a stirring job in winning his first bout, but lost to Cpl. Phil Chiacuto of Hoboken, N. J., in his second. Despite his losing effort, Farrier got a tremendous hand from the crowd, even from those who didn't know he fought with a German slug in his right leg.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

BERLIN papers please copy: **Capt. Steve Hamas,** who once gave Herr Schmeling a rude jolting, is now stationed just across the Channel with the Eighth Air Force. . . . **Comdr. Gene Tunney's** next inspection tour will be to the Aleutians. . . . En route to the Marshall Islands, **Pvt. Joe Hennessy,** ex-sports editor of the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press,* studied a map of Kwajalein Island and discovered a spot he said would make the best damn baseball diamond in the Pacific. By now he's probably playing on it. . . . **Jack Lovelock,** the old mile champion, is now a surgeon in the British Army. . . . **Pvt. Mike McCormick,** who had a pretty sharp batting eye when he played outfield for the Cincinnati Reds, came up with a sharpshooter's medal the first time he went on the range at McClellan Field, Calif. . . . **Ensign Bill Daddio,** Pittsburgh's two-time All-American end, is now on sea duty as an armed guard commander. . . . The Eastern basketball league hasn't seen anything like Colgate's **Otto Graham,** on Lend-Lease from Northwestern, in years. He has a trick shot that's something out of this world. . . . During the battle for Tunisia, the crack 1st Division, composed almost entirely of New Yorkers, adopted the Brooklyn Dodgers as "their team." But after the Sicily campaign—their boss, **Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley,** told a press conference: "Thank God for the St. Louis Cardinals." Somebody asked the general what he meant by that remark. "The fact that the Cardinals knocked the Dodgers out of the pennant race," Bradley explained, "shortened the conquest of Sicily by about two weeks."

SCHOOLBOY ROWE, who pitched for the Phils last season, squares his gear at the Great Lakes (Ill.) Naval Station, where he's taking boot training. Rowe is 34 and father of two children.

Inducted: **Spud Chandler,** Yankee pitching ace and AL's most valuable player, into the Army; **Joe (Muggsy) Skladany,** Carnegie Tech football coach, into the Navy; **Bob Carpenter,** 28-year-old president of the Phillies, into the Army; **Dutch Clark,,** one-time Colorado All-American, into the Army; **Marius Russo,** star Yankee southpaw, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Don Meade,** whose powerful hands guided home more than 1,000 winning horses, because of imperfect wrists; **Ken O'Dea,** Cardinal catcher, because of a hernia; **Mickey Rocco,** Cleveland first baseman, because of stomach ailment. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Sammy Angott,** NBA lightweight champion; **Dixie Walker,** Dodger outfielder; **Sammy Byrd,** pro golfer; **Henry Armstrong,** former triple titleholder; **Dick Bartell,** Giant infielder; **Bobby Bragan,** Dodger catcher. . . . *Discharged:* **Willie Pep,** NBA featherweight champ, from the Navy with CDD because of ear trouble. . . . *Accepted:* **Sgt. Burgess Whitehead,** former Giant, for AAF OCS at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . *Killed in action:* **Capt. Automatic Jack Manders,** ex-Chicago Bear kicking star, when he dived his crippled plane into a Japanese merchant ship.

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"—OR SUCH OTHER PUNISHMENT AS A COURT MARTIAL MAY DIRECT."
—S/Sgt. Sidney Landi

"MR. BROWN, I HOPE THIS WON'T INTERFERE WITH GETTING MY OLD JOB BACK."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

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